

Æ

MIRROR

19 Thanksgiving 02

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
RECEIVED
DEC 15 1902
PERIODICAL DEPT.

ST. LOUIS
NOVEMBER
27th

PRICE FIVE CENTS

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR

For such a small sum you may have, each month, a literary treat of Essays, Stories, Poetry, Critical Articles, Notes of Travel, Biography and generally first-class writing spread before you in

The Valley Magazine

There is no publication in this country, or any other, that compares with this Magazine, both in the character of its contents and the cheapness of subscription price. No stronger list of contributors is to be found attached to any periodical. Sample copies will be sent to any person sending his or her address to the publication office. The Magazine is its own best solicitor with those who KNOW A GOOD THING.

ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER FOR IT

AGENTS WANTED

THE VALLEY MAGAZINE

200 NORTH TENTH STREET
ST. LOUIS, MO.

An Ideal Present

For Mother *For Christmas*
For Sister *For a Birthday*
For Sweetheart *For an Engagement*
For Wife *For a Wedding*

SONNETS TO A WIFE

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY

The Sweetest, Truest, Sanest Love-Utterance in American Verse in the past quarter of a century.

Printed on hand-made paper, bound in vellum boards, in a slide case.

PRICE - - \$1.25

PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, The Mirror, St. Louis, Mo.

BIG FOUR TRAINS

TO
CINCINNATI,
NEW YORK
AND
BOSTON

LOOK AT THE SCHEDULE.

Leave	St. Louis	8:30 am	12:00 Noon	8:25 pm	11:30 pm
Arrive	Indianapolis	2:50 pm	6:10 pm	4:20 am	7:25 am
"	Cincinnati	6:00 pm	9:05 pm	7:30 am	10:55 am
"	Cleveland	10:20 pm	1:40 am		
"	Buffalo	2:55 am	6:18 am		
"	New York	2:55 pm	6:00 pm		
"	Boston	4:55 pm	9:03 pm		

THROUGH SLEEPER AND DINING CARS.

BIG FOUR TICKET OFFICE, Broadway and Chestnut St.

C. L. HILLEARY, A. G. P. A.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Mirror

VOL. XII—No. 42

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1902.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

N. W. Cor. 10th and Pine Sts.

Telephones: Bell Main 2147, Kinloch, A. 24.

Terms of subscription to THE MIRROR including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to THE MIRROR, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," THE MIRROR.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.



FOR SALE IN EUROPE AT

LONDON.....Anglo-American Exchange, 3 Northumberland Ave.
MUNICH.....Zeitungs-Pavillon am Karlsplatz
FLORENCE.....B. Seeber, 20 via Tornabuoni
VENICE.....Zanco, Ascensione
MONTE CARLO.....Veuve Sinet Kiosque
Paris.....Brentano's, 37 Ave. de l'Opera
Donald Downie, 1 Rue Scribe
ROME.....L. Faile, 1 Piazza di Spagna
NAPLES.....R. Prass, 50 Piazza dei Martiri
Valetti Giuseppe, R. R. Station
GENOA.....Librerie Riunite
BOLOGNA.....Mallucchi Alberto R. R. Station

The following European Hotels keep a complete file of the THE MIRROR in their reading rooms:

London.....Cecil	Florence.....Grand
Paris.....Grand	Rome.....Quirinal
Munich.....Bayerischer Hof	Naples.....Grand
Vienna.....Bristol	Genoa.....De La Ville
Innsbruck.....Tirol	Monte Carlo.....Grand
Venice.....Britannia	



WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



CONTENTS

DEO GRACIAS: Poem. By William Marion Reedy.....	1
MR. WELLS AND MR. HAWES: By W. M. R.....	1
REFLECTIONS: Thanksgiving—Plagiarism—Merchants' Exchange—Hotels and Transportation—Political Reptiles—The Cuban Muddle—Ernest Renan—Chamberlain's Opportunity—Tobacco War—What We Need—A Short Cut to Success—National Budgets—Training Our Girls.....	1-4
A MAN'S THANKSGIVING: By John H. Raftery.....	4-5
KNOCKS AT AN OLD DOOR: By William Trowbridge Larned.....	5
MANDRAGORA: Poem. By "Anodos".....	5-6
THE BATTLE WITH THE SLUM: A Notable Book.....	6-7
D'ANNUNZIO'S ART: By Francis A. House.....	7
SPECULATIVE FOLLIES: By L. Arthur Stanton.....	7
ROMANTIC LANDSCAPES: Poem. By Althea Gyles.....	7-9
THE RUNAWAY: By Zoe Anderson Norris.....	9
THE WAY OF THINGS: By Beach Clark.....	9
THE LAY OF THE LOBSTER: By Albert Lee.....	10-12
NEW BOOKS: Brief Reviews.....	13
SOCIETY.....	14
MUSIC.....	15
THEATRICALS.....	18-19



THE November number of the *Valley Magazine*, which was issued on the 5th inst., presents a fine literary repast to fastidious readers. The list of contributors includes such well-known writers as John H. Raftery, Charles M. Kurtz, Edwin L. Sabin, T. K. Hedrick, Will A. Page, Frances Porcher, William Marion Reedy, Countess Annie de Montaigne and Francis A. House. The *Valley Magazine* may be bought at all news stands, at five cents a copy. The price of yearly subscription is fifty cents. So far as strength and originality of contents is concerned, it has no equal.

DEO GRATIAS

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

THANKS for the year now dying
And for all the years ago,
For laughter and for sighing,
For night and for golden dawn,
For sunshine and for flowers,
For winter winds and snow,
For joyful and painful hours—
Thanks, God, for a girl I know.

Thanks for both gains and losses,
Thanks for both smiles and tears,
Thanks for all crowns and crosses,
For the fool mob's hisses and cheers;
Thanks for sin and repentance,
For Fortune's kiss, Fate's blow—
They may all be put in a sentence:
Thanks, God, for a girl I know.

Thanks for courage to face the future
As well as avow the past,
And smile at the pain of the suture
That knits them firm and fast.
Thanks for the death that's certain;
If to light or to dark I go,
I'll pray at the fall of the curtain:
Thanks, God, for a girl I know.



MR. WELLS AND MR. HAWES

BY W. M. R.

MAYOR ROLLA WELLS, of St. Louis, is a mighty big little man, and he shows his quality as well in the acts of which the MIRROR does not approve, as in the greater number of his official deeds which demand this journal's enthusiastic applause. Nothing better becomes such a man than his course in tendering a dinner to Mr. Harry B. Hawes, President of the Police Board and President and ruling genius of the Jefferson Club. The compliment to Mr. Hawes is both spacious and gracious. It is a public acknowledgment of Mr. Hawes' leadership in the last two local campaigns, culminating in Democratic victory. The value of the acknowledgment lies in the sturdy, square, stubborn honesty of the man who makes it, no less than in the deserving deeds of the man to whom it is made. The tribute has deep significance from the fact that certain alleged Democratic organs have tried to belittle or ignore Mr. Hawes' services as a leader and organizer, by proclaiming, editorially, that recent Democratic success has been mostly attributable to the personality of Mayor Wells and his administration. Without doubt, public faith in Mayor Wells drew many votes to the support of the ticket he endorsed, but, equally without doubt, the attainment of all practical results that flow from organization in politics was due to the patiently, tirelessly intelligent work of Mr. Harry B. Hawes. His work was the drudgery of the campaign, but a drudgery that demanded brain-power, courage, conciliatory skill, self-control under a fire of misrepresentation and abuse, a just analysis of complicated and varying conditions in many parts of the city, and a management of men

of all sorts into harmonious co-operation to one end—success. The ticket, of course, was good. Mr. Hawes largely supervised its making. The party work was superb. Mr. Hawes chiefly directed it. In brief, the campaign was, to a vast extent, but a great projection of Mr. Hawes' personality, a large manifestation of his political genius through the organization. Now comes Mayor Wells, avowed reformer, enemy of machine politics, opponent of corruption, and publicly pays tribute to this work of Mr. Hawes. He does so, simply as a means of saying that, while he is a reformer and a believer in clean government, he is also a party man and not ashamed of the partisan associates which so offend too many men who hold the Mayor's general views as to government. Mayor Wells believes in Harry B. Hawes, even though some call Hawes a "boss," and he testifies his belief in the most conspicuous manner possible. Mayor Wells says, in effect, that he recognizes Mr. Hawes for what Mr. Hawes has done for the party and for clean government, as Mayor Wells understands it. The Mayor recognizes Mr. Hawes as a leader, as the leader of the party in St. Louis, and repudiates all efforts to locate that leadership elsewhere. The Mayor makes effective answer to all those persons who have endeavored to deprive Mr. Hawes of the credit due him for splendid work, and especially does the Mayor turn over to Mr. Hawes all the compliments paid himself as a factor in the achievement of victory. The little dinner honored alike the host and the principal guest. In the two were and are two good, strong, square, able men well met in friendship and common political interest, and their union of spirit is a good omen, not only for future party success, but for honest government, honestly administered, by honest, faithful, working, organization Democrats.



REFLECTIONS

Thanksgiving

THE man who has no reason to be thankful must be a lobster in very truth. But even if a man is a lobster, he should be thankful that he is not a jellyfish. The man who is not thankful is supremely ignorant. If he thinks he is in hard luck, he forgets all the various and sundry kinds of hard luck that have not come to him to add to his present select assortment. The things that have not happened to us are worse than the things that have happened to us. There's nothing so bad that it might not be worse, and there's nothing bad enough to justify a man in weakening and whimpering before it. The only courage is to endure, and the highest chivalry is to endure with good grace. There is cause to be thankful to the Most High if you are putting up as good a fight as you can in the game in which the cards are dealt from the Unknown and the issue is hidden in the future. There is cause to be thankful that, even if the deal seems against you, you can smile and call for new cards and try again. There is no man who can truthfully say he has no cause to be thankful. Every one of us is the recipient of more blessings than misfortunes in life. Most of our misfortunes have their origins in ourselves, and there are many things we do for which we don't suffer half enough of consequences. This is a good old world, all the way around and all the way through, fuller of beauty than of ugliness, possessing more of good than bad, with its

The Mirror

pains only heightening its pleasures, with everybody around us loveable for many things and hateful for nothing. There is no other philosophy worth mentioning than this; and why? Because it is the philosophy that comes of knowledge and experience. It is only the young and callow that are pessimists. As people grow a little older and have sense knocked into them, or rubbed into them by the world, the flesh and the devil, they are much more hopeful and more charitable. They are more thankful for what they have and what they are, because they see how much better they are off than they have any inalienable right to be. Those who have had the greatest sorrows and those who have had the greatest commerce with sin, are always found to be the most thankful for the good that has come out of those great evils. To be prideful and defiant of the Divine is the stamp, at once, of ignorance and vulgarity. To be humble and grateful is the mark of gentility that was best typified in the Man who died on Calvary. So be thankful, all ye, on this Thanksgiving Day, that the world and all its accidents and attributes are yours to suffer or to enjoy, that they all work towards goodness, and that the best way to make sure of their highest good to us, is that we take them as they come and use them in fulfillment of the spirit of the letter that is written, "love ye one another."



Plagiarism

SOMEBODY accused Victor Herbert of plagiarism, was promptly sued for damages by the indignant composer, and had to plank down fifteen thousand dollars for his indiscretion. It is quite the fashion nowadays to formulate charges of plagiarism against writers and composers. As if anybody could invent anything really original after all these centuries of civilization! Plagiarism is committed every day, in every conceivable way, and it would be asinine to regard it as a heinous offence. Some of the greatest geniuses have been marvelously successful plagiarists. Shakespeare plagiarized wherever and whenever he had a chance, and nobody has reason to think the worse of him for doing it. Wagner appropriated themes from Liszt and Beethoven. Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo and a host of others are imitating and plagiarizing from Wagner. And so it is everywhere. The most successful men these days are those who know how and where to plagiarize and to turn imitation to the best possible account.



Merchants' Exchange

THE time approaches for the annual election of officers of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange. It will be an important election, for it is necessary that the phenomenally successful administration of the present year—the greatest success in a quarter of a century or more—be followed up next year and the year after. The Merchants' Exchange once more amounts to something, after having been moribund for years. It plays a big part as an organization of initiative public spirit in all affairs. Its new life should be continued by the election of such another set of officers as hold sway this year, and it is good to know that this can be accomplished without violation of any of the precedents of succession that have obtained in the organization. Keep the youngsters to the front and all will be well.



Hotels and Transportation

NATIONAL Commissioners of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition have commented in interviews upon a World's Fair feature that appears to have been overlooked. What, they ask, is being done to provide

transportation accommodations for the crowds that will attend the World's Fair? The answer is, apparently, nothing. The crowds on Sundays now are beyond the capacity of the street railroads and the steam roads carry, practically, no passengers to the grounds. What preparation is being made to take care of the crowds that will be forty or fifty, or a hundred times as large as those that now visit the grounds on Sunday? Will someone tell? There is no preparation visible, though Mr. Dupont and Mr. Grant, of the Transit Company, assure us that they will be ready when the time comes, and they are men of their word. The task is a big one, and the beginning of its undertaking cannot be too long delayed. A number of World's Fair Directors are putting up \$5,000 each to build temporary hotels near the Fair Grounds, but will they build enough hotels? It is not likely. Unless we have room and board for all who come, the Fair will be a failure.



Political Reptiles

ONE of the rottenest sheets in the civilized world is the *Vorwaerts*, the Socialist organ in Berlin. It is written by a gang of muddle-headed theorists, who besmirch everybody that is not willing to truckle to their propaganda of social disorganization and disorder. The attack of this reptilian journal upon gunking Krupp, and the latter's sudden death as a result of the vile insinuations made against him, will not redound to its benefit, or that of the faction of which it is the authorized organ. The unfortunate episode again demonstrates how foolish, indecent and inconceivably bigoted these Socialist agitators are who pretend to be at the head of twentieth-century progress. What have they ever done that could excuse them for attacking a man like Krupp, who took more interest in the economic, moral and spiritual welfare of his many thousands of employes and their families, and accomplished more in the practical work of really helpful philanthropy than all the Socialist agitators of the past, present and future ever did or ever will do? When a political faction stoops to the odious methods of the calumniator and blackmailer in the furtherance of its doctrines, it is engaged in its own undoing. The Socialistic party in Germany has woefully degenerated. It is changing into a vicious, scurrilous pack of libellers, led by a lot of blatherskies and scallawags, afflicted with acute megalomania, not untinctured with coprolalia. The stories of Krupp's alleged depravities at his villa on the island of Capri were palpable fakes founded on some passages in Suetonius, descriptive of the unnatural orgies of Tiberius, the Emperor, on the same island. It is wonderful how foul-minded some social regenerators of the world do become. They cannot see anything but nastiness, because their minds are nasty. They denounce practices so strenuously that the wise observer of mankind begins to suspect them of addiction to their pretended aversions. The writers for the *Vorwaerts* are of that stripe.



The Cuban Muddle

A BITTER anti-American feeling prevails in Cuba. President Palma appears to have lost his restraining influence upon Congress, which is now strongly opposed to all further reciprocity negotiations with the United States, and advocates advantageous treaty-arrangements with European countries. It is a delicate situation that confronts both the Cuban and the American governments. Something must be done towards a fulfilment of American pledges. President Roosevelt is sincere in his avowals of solicitude for the welfare of the Cubans and the stability of their young

Republic, but the majority of his party is not in accord with his views and aims. Tariff concessions to Cuba are more remote than ever. They are odious to the sanhedrim of protectionists. The latter seems to be acting on the motto, "annexation or bust!" If the Cubans, they say, do not care for annexation, let them shift for themselves, and, eventually, bring about a little revolution that will give the United States a chance to interfere and annex the island. The Platt amendment covers a multitude of contingencies. It is extremely elastic, and can be stretched in every conceivable way. There is even a possibility that it may be construed to be prohibitive of Cuban treaty arrangements with all nations, except the United States. The future of the Cuban republic is not bright. The island promises to become a hot-bed of political strife and hatred, and, perhaps, of revolutions. Without American tariff concessions, its career will be short and stormy. The prevailing disorder at Havana is a sinister symptom. It strongly reminds one of the miserable conditions which have become chronic in Latin republics. The whole squabble must prove a source of Machiavellian satisfaction to the hypocritical Republican majority which seems anxious first to ruin and then to annex a little country, after making a great ado over freeing it from foreign oppression and professing to establish its independence.



Ernest Renan

A STATUE of Ernest Renan, the author of "*La Vie de Jesus*," has been erected by his admiring countrymen. A few of the most prominent intellectual leaders of France attended the dedicatory ceremonies, and took advantage of the occasion by lauding the aims and life-work of a man who has been the object of so many malignant calumnies, and whose ideas have been so persistently, ruthlessly and unnecessarily misrepresented. The religious zealot still is extremely bitter in his denunciations of Renan's writings, and never ceases to reiterate that they make for unbelief and the subversion of every fundamental tenet of Christianity. He does not hesitate to condemn every word that the amiable Frenchman ever wrote and to regard him as the very incarnation of anti-Christ. *O sancta simplicitas!* One of the silliest insinuations made against Renan is that he wrote his "*Life of Jesus*" upon the instigation of Baron de Rothschild, the great Paris financier. In relation to this, Renan wrote in a letter (published after his death) to an intimate friend of his as follows: "Those who know me well will at once recognize the injustice and absurdity of this accusation. This will not, however, prevent poor parish-priests in world-forgotten villages and pious monks in peace-enshrouded monasteries to believe and to assert time and again that Rothschild bribed me to attack the Saviour." Renan did not believe in the divine nature of Christ, but that did not prevent him from being an ecstatically mystic admirer of the great Nazarene. All his life, in fact, he retained that dreamily religious trait which was so characteristic of his nature and of his writings, and which stamped him as a true son of the Bretagne. Many of those who so loudly denounce his "*Life of Jesus*" have never read a line of the book. They judge of it by the distorted opinions of others, and thus have no reasonable conception of its contents or character. This famous, or, if you will, infamous, book has been clothed with entirely too much importance. It is neither a work of science, nor of profound philosophy. It is a medley of dreamy notions and poetical conjectures. It breathes the spirit of a pyrrhonic dilettante. It is a religious epic. The true character of the book is now being so well recognized that

leaders of Christian thought are no longer afraid of it, and actually express the opinion that it must be regarded more as an argument in favor of the belief in the Saviour's divine nature and the fundamental truths of Christianity than as a work making for irreligion or skepticism. There is no more food for the enemies of Christianity in the writings of Renan than there is in Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis," or in Paul Heyse's "Mary of Magdala," or any other religious production of modern literature. Renan was a romancer, with, probably, a profounder religious sense than could be found in many of those who are so frenetic in arraigning him as an arch-skeptic. It is related that he at one time made the remark, in conversation, that he could never pass a church door without experiencing an instinctive desire to enter and to offer his prayers, and that he could never look upon a priest without an inexplicable feeling of irresistible envy. It is known that he was always attired in a garb that closely imitated that of the clergyman, and that he was exceedingly fond of his name, because it recalled to his mind that of Roman, the famous patron-saint of the Bretagne. Renan's writings never were entitled to any special attention. If it had not been for a lot of pompous, foolish zealots, who foamed at the mouth every time the Frenchman's name was mentioned, they would have remained in deserved obscurity, and never developed into what they still are: the source from which intellectual *proletaires* are fond of drawing their stock-arguments of a shallow-minded, laughable, pitiful skepticism. *L'Affaire Renan* proves once more that the Christian zealot is the worst enemy of his faith, inasmuch as he is such an adept in making a mountain out of a molehill, and in seeing substances where there are only fleeting, intangible shadows. There is nothing more preposterous than the idea that a man of the Renan type of character and ability could ever detract from the value of axiomatic Christianity, or disprove, or permanently impair the belief in, the divinity of the Nazarene.



Chamberlain's Opportunity

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is about to visit South Africa. He intends to study the problem of restoring peace, order and prosperity on the very spot. Great things are expected to result from his visit. His friends declare that he has a generous heart; that, as he is growing old, the former spirit of bitter prejudice and vindictiveness is forsaking him, and that he is now more than willing to let bygones be bygones. For the good of England as well as of South Africa, it is to be hoped that all this is true. The work of reconstruction in the new colonies appears to be anything but a pleasant task. It is fraught with immense difficulties. Neither Outlander, nor Loyalist, nor Boer is satisfied with the way things are progressing. A rancorous spirit asserts itself everywhere. Old-time feuds are being renewed in the Cape Parliament. Jealousy has been aroused by the granting of subsidies to the Boers, and Loyalists are disgruntled because the home government has adopted a strongly conciliatory attitude towards former rebels. Outlanders have raised a howl over the proposed imposition of heavy taxation upon the gold mines. They make the assertion that the new régime promises to be more oppressive and more tyrannical than the old one was. In addition to all this, the British government finds it difficult to float new loans required in the carrying-out of reconstruction work. A Natal loan has proved a humiliating failure. Investors are not anxious to put their money into South African bonds. They are evidently afraid of the racial and economic hatreds prevailing in the new col-

onies, and not at all sure of a permanent restoration of peace. Joseph Chamberlain will find an interesting state of affairs. He will be afforded a chance to convince himself of the truth of the old saying that it is much easier to destroy than to build up. Where once were flourishing, peaceful communities, he will find ruins, desolation, famine and grinding, groaning poverty. His eyes will see an unforgettable scene; his mind will grasp an unforgettable lesson. In surveying the work that he has wrought, it may be that the words of Tacitus, "he made a solitude and called it peace," will flash through his mind. Joseph Chamberlain should not lose this opportunity to refurbish his tarnished reputation as a great statesman. If there is any generosity at all in his character, he will gladly do his share in the work of healing the frightful wounds inflicted by the long struggle and try to soften the spirit of savage hatred still rankling in the hearts of his former sturdy foes. If he adopts Abraham Lincoln's policy of "malice towards none and charity to all," he may yet redeem his record in the annals of history.



Tobacco War

ACCORDING to late news from the East, the American Tobacco Company will soon give retail tobacco dealers the fight of their lives. The trust aims at securing complete control of the trade from grower to retailer. Its President, James B. Duke, is authority for the statement that it is intended to further the interests of the United Cigar Stores Company, which is presumed to be an annex of the trust, in every possible way. The latter company controls thirty-five stores in various cities in the East and Middle West, and it is now preparing to gain a strong foothold in all the large cities in the South. The trust will shy at no expense or effort in its campaign to crush independent dealers. It is stated that it has control of almost every article that the tobacco user needs. There are only two important exceptions: Turkish tobacco, including cigarettes, and briar pipes. The Kansas City *Star* says the trust has now three stores in operation in that city, and is negotiating for others. "Those who will not sell at the figures offered by the trust are to be frozen out of business by unfair tactics, and the little fellows are to be crushed and destroyed by the octopus, which will cut and slash prices until all opposition is starved out." The cutting of prices is already in progress. It is certainly queer and humiliating that neither State nor Federal authorities are willing or able to stop this sort of throat-cutting competition. Are there no anti-trust laws in existence? Or is there nobody that cares to enforce them? The trust, it seems, will have everything its own way. It has enough means at command to make resistance impossible or futile. And so all we can do is to let this death-struggle proceed. Perhaps, after the smoke of battle has cleared away, we will witness the inauguration of that era of excellent tobacco at cheap prices which trustophiles are so confidently expecting and predicting.



What We Need

LONDON reports the arrival of large shipments of California fruit. The British markets are well stocked, it is said, with fresh figs, plums and grapes, which are obtainable at low prices and in excellent demand. The fruit-growers of the Pacific Coast are doing well. They are pushing their business along proper lines. But they are still handicapped by poor shipping facilities. Their efforts to obtain new or larger markets abroad will be greatly facilitated by the construction of the isthmian canal. When ships

are once able to go direct from San Francisco to London or Liverpool, not by way of Cape Horn, but by way of the new canal, the foreign demand for American agricultural and horticultural products will experience a great boom. The best way to secure or enlarge markets is to establish a variety of transportation routes. Increased shipping facilities means expanding markets for the producer, lower prices and improved economic conditions for the consumer and lots of business for the transportation companies. A canal across the isthmus is just the thing we need. Work on it should be pushed energetically. No delay should be permitted. Let Uncle Sam take off his coat and go to work on the great enterprise. He might also, while the fit of constructing new transportation routes is on him, be induced to pay a little more attention to our inland waterways. We have some fine rivers in this country which offer splendid trade routes and which could be made serviceable at a comparatively moderate expense. It is an inexcusable waste not to utilize our inland waterways. Progressive European countries are decades ahead of us in this respect. While railroad officials are worried over a terrific freight accumulation, and shippers complaining regarding lack of transportation facilities, our great rivers flow by, unheeded, unimproved and unused.



A Short Cut to Success

SOME time ago, the American Bicycle Company went into the hands of receivers. And what do you think killed it? The foolishness and shortsightedness displayed by the management in ceasing to advertise. This, at least, is the explanation offered by Col. Pope, one of the leading bicycle manufacturers of this country. The bicycle business, this authority believes, still has a future, but "it will take advertising to develop it." To lop off expenditures in the advertising department is the worst possible way of economizing. It spells financial suicide. Success in business these days depends upon advertising. Clever and persistent advertising results in trade. People want to be informed of what the merchant or the manufacturer has to offer. They are anxious to know which railroad offers the best and cheapest transportation facilities, and which bank or trust company or brokerage house is doing the most for its customers, and is the most up-to-date in its methods of conducting a conservative business. Advertising, nowadays, comes nearest to being a short cut to business prosperity. The business man must, of course, have "the goods," for no amount of advertising will carry to success a snide article or a bogus proposition.



National Budgets

DESPITE billion-dollar Congresses, this is still the cheapest-governed and, undoubtedly, also the best-governed country in the world. National expenditures are rising fast and rising faster, but so is income, the result being that, at the end of the fiscal years, the Secretary of the Treasury is justified in making the eagle scream over surpluses of many millions of dollars piling up in his vaults. The statistical "crank" of the Kansas City *Journal* went to the trouble, the other day, of comparing the figures of our National annual budget with those of other countries, and, at the end of his calculations, arrived at the conclusion that Americans have reason to be perfectly satisfied with the way their Government is being run. He tells us that the total National income, during 1901, was \$699,316,530. Of this \$307,000,000 came in the form of internal revenue; \$238,000,000 came from customs duties, and \$111,000,000 from the postal service. Other sources of revenue,

such as the sale of public land, profit on currency, etc., need not be taken into consideration. As against this total of \$669,000,000, the Russian government takes from the people \$860,000,000; the French \$710,000,000; England \$669,000,000; Austria-Hungary \$539,000,000; Germany \$502,000,000 and Italy \$324,000,000. From these figures it will be seen that there are two countries the national income of which is greater, and four the national income of which is smaller, than ours. When it comes to comparison based on population, however, we arrive at astonishingly different results. It shows us that the per capita income of Germany is \$9.65; that of the United States \$8.78; that of England \$14.42; that of Austria-Hungary \$11.72, and that of Italy \$10.45. In the face of such figures, it cannot be doubted that the cost of government in the United States is very low, considerably less, in fact, than the lowest in all of the other countries above mentioned. This is certainly something for which we must be thankful. It should, however, be possible to make the cost of government in this country still lower. Our high-tariff craze has fostered a spirit of extravagance and recklessness. Large amounts of money are spent in a foolish manner, simply because Congress wishes to put money into circulation. If our National expenses are small, they are only comparatively so. They would be still smaller but for protectionist policies. A strictly economic government cannot be had while the masses of the people are bled for the benefit of a few monopolists. We are proud of our billion-dollar Congresses. We would have reason to be still prouder if we had billion-dollar minds in Congress, that is, minds that have a broad grasp of the practical as well as the idea side of scientific government.



Training Our Girls

ONE of the best reasons why every girl should be fitted to earn her own living is the uncertainty of fortune. This uncertainty has been materially increased and emphasized by the highly speculative basis of modern economic conditions. Parental wealth is not as secure and stable as it was in years gone by. It is constantly exposed to the dangers of fluctuations in the value of land and securities, to the mercurial ups and downs of business and politics. The wealth of a family nowadays is variously invested. It is intended to be productive of a steady income. In the selection of investments mistakes are not always avoidable. They are, in fact, of frequent occurrence. Owing to the highly complex machinery of modern economic life, business and politics, the most astute critic of values of land and securities, the most far-sighted observer of the trend of things in commerce and finance, is likely to make wrong calculations or to give misleading advice. And when, as a result of such miscalculation or faulty advice, family wealth is impaired or wiped out completely, a girl reared in ways of luxury and sybaritic refinement may find herself face to face with the urgent necessity of earning her own livelihood. If she is prepared for the emergency, if she had the foresight of training herself for a particular profession or line of business, while still under the protection of wealthy parents, she will not be overcome by serious or trying difficulties. She will soon and easily adapt herself to changed conditions and bravely engage in the struggle of making her own way in a world from the disappointments, worries and harshness of which tender parents were so anxious to shield her. There is nothing like being prepared for a thing, nothing like taking time by the forelock and envisaging the probabilities of the future with intelligence and courage. Well-meaning and sensible parents cannot do better for their daughters than by giving them a practical education, and by instilling the principle into their

minds that timely preparation means successful battling with the adversities of fickle fortune. This is the effective answer to all the clap-trap that we hear and read about fitting girls only to be ornaments of the home. What's the use of being fitted to ornament a home, if there is no home to ornament, as a result of a dissipated or a foolishly speculative husband? It is better to be useful than ornamental, if one cannot be both. Every girl should be sent into the world with a power of self-support. If the power be not called upon, well and good. But if called upon, what a blessing when it is there to respond to sudden and bitter need!



A MAN'S THANKSGIVING

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

A MAN who was no longer young, sat alone in his room watching the pale sunbeams creep across the floor. The fire was gone. A flake of ashes falling in the pan, jarred on his tense nerves. His eyes were gummy with orgies of the night before; his lips were hectic-dry and his tongue scratched thick against his palate. He pulled down the shades of his window, glanced at his watch and said: "I'll sleep till noon." He lay down upon his tossed bed and watched the dim figure of a woman come in and sit in the great chair he had just left.

"Here again, are you?" he muttered, turning away his aching eyes. "Couldn't you wait till this evening? I wanted to sleep."

"It is Thanksgiving," she said, softly, and gazing sadly at his nervous hand as if she would have seized it, "have you given thanks?"

"Thanks? To whom? For what?" he rasped.

"To God, man! To God that he has been good to you, that he permits you to live!"

"I don't know God," he said resolutely interrupting her. "Perhaps I should thank you. You've kept me from some miseries, but you've spoiled many a joy."

"Oh, I want no thanks for myself, but sure there must be someone, some spirit, perhaps some living man or woman, some dog, even, that has won without claiming your thanks. You remember your parents? You must thank them, surely."

"Thanks? No, I have no thanks for them. Love? Yes, I think I would have loved them. They died too soon for that. Children cannot love. I do not thank them for bringing me into the world. It would have been a mercy if I had died a-borning. Life, the only heritage they left me, is a balance against them."

"You have have loved someone? A sweetheart?"

"Ah, there indeed, you touch me!" he almost laughed, yet with his low voice tremulous of a wistful grief. "Sweethearts? How many? and how stands my balance with them? All on their side, I'm sure, all in their debt! It is an accounting no man lives to discharge. From little Jeanne, who let me kiss her once and whose books I carried to the village school, even to Gulnare, the pythoness, the vilest, the falsest of her sex—I thank them all! Do you remember Mary, she of the coppery hair and the mild brown eyes? She was one of the few good ones, as you call them. How she loved and feared me, and how it tore her clamorous heart to put me by for a better man! How you railed at me for winning her and then, at last, when I lost her, how you cursed me for a grovelling fool! I thank her, poor Mary, for those few weeks when she made even me believe that I was a hero, when she gave me her pure lips and laid her strong, white hand on my hair.

"And Susanne—you remember her—what a furtive, demure and generous sweetheart she was to me!

You drove her back to her husband. I knew it then, I have always known it. And yet she loved me better than her honor, better than her child, better than the man whose name she wore like a sack-cloth shirt. And yet you were right; no man's love is worth the vaguest breath upon a woman's virtuous name, no, nor the least unreasoning tear that it may bring to the wondering eyes of a child. For them all I am grateful in my way. I thank them, these sweethearts desired, pursued, possessed or lost. I thank them for some kind word spoken, some gentle touch, some look, some smile, for the very perfume of their hair, for the moments of illusion, vain but sweet, even for their dainty treacheries, their quaint deceptions, their winsome lies—I thank them now that I am alone—with you."

"Me you despise?"

"Despise—no! You are a mere fact. One does not despise facts. I'd like to forget you, to lose you, to ignore you. A man does not love nor hate the mole upon his back, the wen beneath his hide. He endures it and forgets it if he can."

"And your thanksgiving is over then?"

"No; since I am free to deal with others than the God whom I do not know, I'll go on. I have one friend left. Once I had two. It is many years since I fancied I had many. These even you could not hate—these friends of mine. For you did not know them, they never saw you, nor heard you, nor regarded you."

"And for what can you thank them? They gave you no money, nor fame, nor pleasures of the senses. They profited you nothing. One is dead and one shall die. Why should you thank them?"

"For that they were men like, and yet unlike, me. For that they gave to me without seeking; loved me without recompense; suffered that I might escape sorrow; believed in me when I was false to all but them; lied to me never. For these things I thank them. For the glories of the spring days that we saw together; for the splendors of unforgotten summers; for the haunting witcheries of autumn days by field and river; for the old and now impossible holidays when winter snows were regal ermine and Christmas was the birthday of the world—I thank them for all these. Dreams which they made real, scenes which even my yearning memory cannot revisit without them!"

"For women whom I loved reverentially because they were beloved of my friends; for the pretty playthings of their very moods and passions; for the tang of old wines that we drank together long ago; for the rare fragrance of the smoke we blew into the face of destiny; for the old songs and stories, for the short word of cheer, for a touch on the arm when the heart was sick; for the unheard defense, the look of praise, the unsought loan that cannot be paid in coin of man, for these things friend that is gone and friend that is left me, I thank you."

"And is there none else?" came from the dim face by the fireplace, when the man paused.

"All? Is not that enough—yet, stay—there was a dog. He was a friend, an equal in all but my capacity for sin. Meanness he did not understand, and yet he forgave me. He suffered, too, and worked for me; he followed me and waited always; he guarded my sleep and swam rivers for the game I had killed. The love he bore me was shining in his bleared old eyes the day he died. I thank him, as I thanked him then."

"You have thanked your friends, your mistresses and your dog. Have you then not a word for God?"

"Not one."

"Fool! Do you not know that these paragons of men, these radiant women, these creatures that have glorified your life; the splendors of the earth and the sky that you have known through their eyes; the fire in the wine you have drunk, the music of words, the

ecstasy of the gentle touch, the perfume of your sweet-heart's hair, the idolatry of your dog, the things you call friendship, love, passion, generosity—all these are God?"

"Then I thank God!" cried the man, and springing to the window he let in the sunlight. But the gray visitant, which was Conscience, had fled.

KNOCKS AT AN OLD DOOR

BY WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED.

EPICETUS seems to have been the first Christian Scientist; though as science was not a shibboleth in his day, and Christianity was a bit unpopular with Nero, the compound designation was not invented till a good deal later. Epictetus himself did not become popular at once. Probably he was misunderstood by many of his hard-headed contemporaries, and he was not besieged for counsel by persons in pain, or debt, or otherwise embarrassed by circumstances. As that excellent reporter and politician, Flavius Arrianus, has informed us, in the "Enchiridion," Epictetus was given to insisting:

"It is not things, but the opinions about the things, that trouble mankind."

And again—indiscriminately addressed, no doubt, to the man in arrears for rent and the sufferer from appendicitis—we have:

"It is not the thing itself that afflicts this man—since there are others whom it afflicts not—but the opinion he has about it."

It is true that Epictetus was lame and a slave; but he did not mind it a bit. Besides, I once knew a Christian Scientist with a corn; and he, too, said it was of no consequence at all, and that, in fact, he regarded it as a delusion.

Marcus Aurelius is even more emphatic and elaborate than Epictetus in assuring us that "things are seldom what they seem."

"Do not suppose you are hurt, and your complaint ceases," he says. "Cease your complaint, and you are not hurt."

Again: "Things cannot disturb the soul, but remain motionless without, while disturbance springs from opinion within the soul."

All through the Emperor's meditations on science and health, may be traced the form of thought which the New England philosopher, Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, has finally made her own. Some stubborn souls, steeped in the sense of style, will prefer the "Meditations," even as done into English. But style is a mere trifle compared with truth; and, after all, the Stoics were materialists, while the Christian Scientists, it is needless to say, are just the opposite. Dismiss this hampering sense of style, and, keeping straight in the path of pure philosophy—is it Marcus Aurelius or Mrs. Eddy who writes?:

"You say a boil is painful; but that is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. The boil simply manifests your belief in pain, through inflammation and swelling; and you call this belief a boil."

Having scaled this height, it is walking on mere level ground to learn:

"The fact that pain cannot exist where there is no mortal mind to feel it, is a proof that this so-called mind makes its own pain, that is, its own belief in pain."

Ah! Mrs. Eddy, there the over-soul betrays itself. Marcus Aurelius, himself an Italian, *never used italics*.

Now, observe how the Emperor has expressed much the same thought, "broadening and humanizing" the teaching of the Stoics, as Miss Alice Zimmern would say:

"Your pain cannot originate in another man's mind, nor in any change or transformation of your corporeal covering. Where, then, does it lie? Why, in that part of you that forms judgments about things evil. Do not imagine you are hurt, and you are impregnable."

As for mere mental distress: "What an easy matter it is to stem the current of your imagination, to discharge a troublesome or improper thought, and at once return to a state of calm."

Note this thought: "Outward objects cannot take hold of the soul, nor force their passage into her, nor set any of her wheels going. No, the impression comes from herself, and it is her own motions which affect her."

Then open "Science and Health" at random. It happens to be page 109, of the 112th (!) edition, and we read:

"Sound is a mental impression, made on human belief. The ear really hears not."

Mrs. Eddy contemns the ancient systems of philosophy, but this seems to be a hasty conclusion, especially in view of her indebtedness to them. It is true that the vulgar mind often fails to perceive the analogy of inheritance. Filtered through the ages, the genealogy of genius is sometimes more obscure than obvious. It becomes the function of sympathetic understanding to detect the rebirth of an idea. As a Boston blue-stock- ing once said to me with much feeling, during a lull in learning at the — club: "Just to think that without Goethe there would have been no Lincoln!"

Besides, Mrs. Eddy should remember that the Stoics, turning from mere metaphysical speculation to practical ethics, had so conquered the delusion of hunger that an olive a day was accounted ample sustenance for a philosopher; whereas, the full-grown Christian Scientist still entertains an aberration respecting two, or even three, square meals.

Nor is it the followers of Mrs. Eddy alone who hark back to the great teacher, "writing his meditations with the din of war in his ears, unmoved by his victories over the enemies of Rome." Our somewhat fantastic contemporaries, the mental scientists, echo in their lectures the very language of the imperial expounder. "Let your soul work in harmony with the universal intelligence, as your breath does with the air."

It seems to me I have heard that idea attenuated to an hour's talk, at one dollar the hour (for the listener, of course); but of Marcus Aurelius there was never a word.

What a store of thought in that one little book, and how posterity has drawn upon it! Emerson did so—no doubt unconsciously, though in, at least, one instance his very words are all but a literal reproduction. Has not the Emperor also foreshadowed the modern science of hypnotic suggestion? For it is he, and not Dr. Osgood Mason or Mr. Hudson, who writes:

"Rub out the impressions of fancy on the mind by continually saying to yourself, It is in my power to make myself free from desire or disturbance."

Yet, have a care. Does mental science allure you? Is the metaphysical spider weaving his web for your poor, blundering feet? Does mysticism fascinate your imagination? Have a care! Few of us ever become true philosophers—for ourselves. How many followers, half way up the height, flinch at the test of the personal pinching shoe. Finally, has the philosophy of inconsequence laid hold of you? Do you really mean to live up to Marcus Aurelius? Have a care! Remember the reaction. When the pendulum swings the other way, it sounds the old gibe:

"What is mind?" "No matter."

"What is matter?" "Never mind."

MANDRAGORA

BY "ANODOS."

POUR me red wine from out the Venice flask;
Pour faster, faster yet!
The joy of ruby thought I do not ask—
Bid me forget!

Breathe slumbrous music round me, sweet and slow,
To honied phrases set!
Into the land of dreams I long to go—
Bid me forget!

Lay not the rose's bloom against my cheek;
With chill tears she is wet.
The wrinkled poppy is the flower I seek—
Bid me forget!

Where is delight? And what are pleasures now?
Moths that a garment fret.
The world is turned memorial, crying: "Thou
Shalt not forget!"

THE BATTLE WITH THE SLUM

A NOTABLE BOOK.

JACOB A. RIIS, the well-known and thoughtful writer on political, social and municipal reform in this country, wrote a series of papers, three years ago, in which he depicted, with realistic force and painstaking adherence to truth, the terrible conditions prevailing in our city's slums. The papers, which made their appearance in the *Century Magazine*, attracted a good deal of attention at the time. They have been so favorably commented upon that the author has seen fit to compile and add to them, and they have at last been published in book form by the Macmillan Co., of New York, under the title "The Battle With the Slum." All those who are interested in civic reform, in moral and social betterment, will do well to peruse the pages of this book with thoughtful attention, because it lays bare one of the sorest spots in our system of civilization.

The slum, says Mr. Riis, is as old as civilization, and the battle with it began when organized society recognized in it a dangerous enemy to progress and political stability. It was a losing battle until conscience joined forces with fear and self-interest against it. When common sense and the golden rule obtain among men as a rule of practice it will be over. The slum has to go. It is opposed to civilization. We cannot shirk the fight against this terrible social evil, because shirking means surrender, and surrender means the end of government by the people. If one believes this to be needless alarm, let him think a moment. Government by the people must ever rest upon the people's ability to govern themselves, upon their intelligence and public spirit. The slum stands for ignorance, want, unfitness, for mob-rule in the day of wrath. This at one end. At the other, hard-heartedness, indifference, self-seeking, greed. It is human nature. We are brothers whether we own it or not, and when the brotherhood is denied in Mulberry street, we shall look vainly for the virtue of good citizenship on Fifth avenue.

Mr. Riis dwells at length upon the fight of decency against Tammany Hall in 1901, and, incidentally, gives the following truthful newspaper arraignment of conditions then existing in the slum or "Tenderloin" sections of New York: "Imagine, if you can, a section of the city territory completely dominated by one man,

without whose permission neither legitimate nor illegitimate business can be conducted; where illegitimate business is encouraged and legitimate business discouraged; where the respectable residents have to fasten their doors and windows summer nights and sit in their rooms with asphyxiating air and one hundred degrees temperature, rather than try to catch the faint whiff of breeze in their natural breathing places—the stoops of their home; where naked women dance by night in the streets, and unsexed men prowl like vultures through the darkness on 'business' not only permitted, but encouraged, by the police; where the education of infants begins with the knowledge of prostitution and the training of little girls is training in the arts of Phryne; where American girls brought up with refinement of American homes are imported from small towns up-state, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey, and kept as virtually prisoners as if they were locked up behind jail bars until they have lost all semblance of womanhood."

The home, the family, are the rallying points of civilization. The greatness of a city is to be measured, not by its balance sheets of exports and imports, not by its fleet of merchantmen, or by its miles of paved streets, nor even by its colleges, its art museums, its schools of learning, but by its homes. New York has all these, but its people live in tenements, where "all the conditions which surround childhood, youth and womanhood make for unrighteousness." This still, after forty years of battling, during which we have gone on piling layer upon layer of human beings and calling that home! The 15,309 tenements the Council of Hygiene found in 1864, have become 47,000, and their population of 495,592 has swelled into nearly a million and three-quarters. There were four flights of stairs at most in the old days. Now they build tenements six and seven stories high, and the street has become a mere runway. It cannot take up the crowds for which it was never meant. . . . In 1880, the average number of persons to each dwelling in New York, counting them all in, the rich and the poor, was 16.37; in 1890, it was 18.52; in 1900, according to the United States census, the average in the old city was 20.4. It all means that there are so many more and so much bigger tenements, and four families to the floor where before there were two.

These are the facts. The question is, are they beyond our control? Let us look at them squarely and see. In the first place, it is no answer to the charge that New York's way of housing its workers is the worst in the world, to say that they are better off than they were where they came from. It is not true, in most cases, as far as the home is concerned; a shanty is better than a flat in a slum tenement, any day. Even if it were true, it would still be beside the issue. In Poland, the capmaker counted for nothing. Nothing was expected of him. Here he ranks, after a few brief years, politically equal with the man who hires his labor. A citizen's duty is expected of him, and home and citizenship are convertible terms. The observation of the Frenchman who had watched the experiment of herding two thousand human beings in eight tenement barracks over yonder, that the result was "the exasperation of the tenant against society," is true the world over.

Nor is it going to help us any to charge it all to the tenant "who will herd." He herds because he has no other chance; because it puts money into some one's pockets to let him. The truth is that, if we cannot stop the crowds from coming, we can make homes for those who come, and at a profit on the investment. That has been proved, is being proved now every day. It is not a case of transforming human nature in the tenant, but of reforming it in the landlord builder. It is a plain question of the per cent he is willing to take.

Up-town or down-town, as the tenements grow taller, the thing that is rarest to find is the home of the olden days, even as it was in the shanty on the rocks. "No home, no family, no manhood, no patriotism," said the old Frenchman. Seventy-seven per cent. of their young prisoners say the managers of the state reformatory, have no moral sense, or next to none. "Weakness, not wickedness, ails them," adds the prison chaplain; no manhood, that is to say. It is the stamp of the home that is lacking, and we need to be about restoring it, if we would be safe.

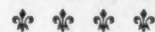
In regard to present educational methods and results, Mr. Riis has the following to say: "To the lawlessness of the street the home opposes no obstacle, as we have seen. Within the memory of most of us the school did not. It might have more to offer even now. But we have gone such a long way since the day I am thinking of that I am not going to find fault. I used to think that some of them needed to be made over, until they were fit to turn out whole, sound boys, instead of queer manikins stuffed with information for which they have no use, and which is none of their business, anyhow. It seemed to me, sometimes, when watching the process of cramming the school course with the sum of human knowledge and conceit, as if it all meant that we distrusted Nature's way of growing a man from a boy, and had set out to show her a shorter cut. A common result was the kind of mental befogment that had Abraham Lincoln murdered by Bellington Booth, and a superficiality, a hopeless slurring of tasks, that hitched perfectly with the spirit of the street, and left nothing to be explained in the verdict of the reformatory, "No moral sense." There was no moral sense to be got out of the thing, for there was little sense of any kind in it. The boy was not given a chance to be honest with himself by thinking a thing through; he came naturally to accept as his mental horizon the headlines in his penny paper and the literature of the Dare-Devil-Dan-the-Death-Dealing-Monster-of-Dakota order, which comprise the ordinary æsthetic equipment of the slum."

The author emphasizes the great gains made in the last few years through better building and sanitary laws, through kindergarten and school reforms, and praises the men who have been the leaders in the philanthropic movement. And he adds that "the millennium of municipal politics, when there shall be no slum to fight, will come when every citizen does his whole duty as a citizen, not before. A citizen's duty is one thing that cannot be farmed out safely, and the slum is not limited by the rookeries of Mulberry or Ludlow streets. It has long roots that feed on the selfishness of Fifth avenue quite as greedily as on the squalor of the Sixth ward. The two are not nearly so far apart as they look."

Regarding political bosses, we read that there is as much work for reform at the top as at the bottom. The man in the slum votes according to his light, and the boss holds the candle. But the boss is in no real sense a leader. He follows instead, always as far behind the moral sentiment of the community as he thinks is safe. He has heard it said that a community will not be any better than its citizens, and that it will be just as good as they are, and he applies the saying to himself. He is no worse a boss than the town deserves. The boss is like the measles, a distemper of a self-governing people's infancy. When we shall have come of age politically, he will have no terror for us. Meanwhile, being charged with the business of governing, which we left to him because we were too busy making money, he follows the track laid out for him, and makes the business pan out all that is in it.

Mr. Riis does not despair of ultimate success, although we of the present may not witness the arrival of better days. Like Moses and his followers, we may

see the promised land only from afar, and with the eye of faith, because of our sins. It may be that to a younger and sturdier to-morrow it shall be given to blaze the path of civic righteousness that was our dream. The day of the boss and of the slum is drawing to an end. Our faith has felt the new impulse, or rather given it. The social movements, and that which we call politics, are but a reflection of what the people honestly believe, a chart of their aims and aspirations. Charity, in our day, no longer means alms, but justice. When we have learned to smile and weep with the poor, we shall have mastered our problem. Then the slum will have lost its grip, and the boss his job.



D'ANNUNZIO'S ART

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

IN literature, D'Annunzio must undoubtedly be considered the man of the hour. His name is fast becoming one with which to conjure. The D'Annunzio cult is an actuality in Europe, as well as in this country. Everybody that pretends to be up-to-date in literary knowledge, and to be an admirer of the *Zeitgeist*, talks glibly and learnedly about the marvelous, epoch-making art of the great Italian. The *gourmets*, the connoisseurs, the faddists, the neurotics, the yahoos and nondescripts, all are enthusiastic in their praises of the shining star that has risen between the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. There are profuse intimations of the advent of a new Renaissance. D'Annunzio is hailed as another Giovanni Boccaccio. His worshipers regard his art as the highest type with which mankind has ever been blessed (or shall we say accursed?), and his philosophy as delightfully unintelligible and, therefore, wondrously profound.

D'Annunzio! The very name is poetic and suggestive of artistic charm and subtlety, although it is a mere clap-trap and not a very appropriate *nom de plume*. It was assumed because its present bearer aspired to be known as the prophet, the annunciator of a new faith, a new cult in art. The Italian wants to be considered the Gabriel of the Annunciation in the world of literature. What a funny idea! Yet it is ingenious, it is bold, and, for this reason alone, works like a charm. It is bumptiousness, fanfaronading self-conceit that paves the way to literary success these days. And D'Annunzio has a large amount of these ingredients, and also a few others, which are most characteristic and distinctive of his writings.

Among these a few others are: a cadaverous view of life; a love of the horrible, the fecal, the deformed, the diseased and the unnatural; a grotesquely hysterical imagination, and a pronounced ability to play with brilliant word-pictures and to invent scintillating phrases.

The "grotesque and the arabesque," the weird, the brutal, the cynical and the rotten has, at all times, appealed to that class of literateurs and readers which is forever looking for, and sympathizing with it. The D'Annunzio cult of literature is brutally-refined, hedonic pessimism of a kind that is utterly foreign to the healthy-minded and healthy-hearted man and woman, and for this reason alone it is doomed to failure. There is neither art, nor aristocracy of thought in the Italian's writings. If it is art, it is that which suggests decomposed, fetid bodies. D'Annunzio thinks and revels in filth, in the mire of moral rotteness and decay. Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal" have generally been regarded as "the limit" in this decadent sort of literary art, but the Frenchman had, unquestionably, infinitely clearer, cleaner and more pungent ideas than has the Italian.

The D'Annunzios, the Ibsens, the Tolstois, the Verlaines and the Gorkis represent intellectual aberrations and idiosyncrasies. They have their day and cease to be. Their rancid pessimism and their hackneyed philosophies, their mystical lunacies and prurient religiosity are merely passing afflictions. They are evils from which we cannot escape.

How can we expect anything suggesting true art and healthy morality from the pen of a man who has run the whole gamut of erotomania, of introspective sexuality? It is only the sanely masculine mind that can bring forth the right stuff: It is the man that feels, thinks and acts humanly, and that feels and obeys the natural laws of morality, who may be expected to have sensible, decent views of life and the world in general. Great thinkers do not gloat over disgustingly realistic descriptions of acts of murder, adultery and incest. They may hint at such things, but will never dwell upon them at length, or point out, with painstaking, hideous refinement, all the horrible, loathsome details, or hold up to our nostrils the sickening smell of a rotting human soul.

D'Annunzio is the purveyor of shudders *par excellence*. And that is all he is. To proclaim him a genius would be rank absurdity. The Italian is brilliant, but his brilliancy reminds one of that of the *ignis fatuus*, which hovers over places of decomposition. D'Annunzio loves lust for lust's sake. He loves pessimism, because lust ends in pessimism and its progeny—despair. He prefers the diseased, because his mind is diseased. If he were not what he is, he would undoubtedly look at things with a different eye, and perceive that this is not a world of horrors, of crime and bestiality, but one which preaches the eternal lesson that it is the good that conquers in the end, and not the evil.

D'Annunzio's art does not make for moral betterment. It teaches no lesson that is worth anything. It is something that might as well not be. It has no *raison d'être*. It is an art that degrades, discourages and disgusts.



SPECULATIVE FOLLIES

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

SPECULATION in land is still running riot in the Northwest. Prices of farm land are rising rapidly, and the higher they go, the stroger grows the land hunger of those who saw absolutely no good in this sort of property a few years ago. It is the same old thing over again. One fool makes another. There is nothing that is better calculated to enhance the value of property, whether in the form of land or securities, than a splendid advance in prices. The average verdant greenhorn in speculation has a grotesquely ingenious conception of values. After a thing has gone up from forty to fifty points, he invariably makes himself believe that it is worth still more, and, straightway, he rushes in and gives instruction to buy, no matter at what price. This salient foible is well-known to promoters and stock-jobbers, and furnishes the meat upon which these "honorable" gentlemen live.

The banks in the Northwest, that is, the more conservative among them, are not at all pleased at the land boom. They are doing their utmost to discourage it, but, it seems, they waited too long before resorting to precautionary measures. When land values began to rise in the Dakotas and Manitoba, they thought the movement would soon exhaust itself, and thus they tarried and tarried and pursued a *laissez-faire* policy that now promises to result in a most disastrous fashion. It can no longer be gainsaid that many banks

in the Northwest have allowed their cupidity and fanciful expectation of large profits to run away with their better common sense, and strained their resources to a sinister extent. Too much money has been advanced upon land, bought at fabulous prices, that could almost be had for the asking three years ago. Soft-brained speculators have been buying land right and left, not because they wished to settle upon it, but simply because they expected to sell at a good profit to others equally as foolish as themselves.

In reference to this extraordinary inflation of land values, Vice-President Potter, of the Iowa Bankers' Association, expressed himself as follows, the other day, to a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*: "Our banks discovered this movement by accident. Then they called a halt, and did what they could to discourage it. But some of the towns are heavily involved, although I feel sure that so far as the banks themselves are concerned, they will lose nothing, since they are secured through good endorsements (?). The process was very simple, consisting merely in the purchase of land upon the installment plan. To do this, young clerks and others of moderate resources secured at the banks the discount of paper, backed by good names. These items, while small in themselves, aggregate a very large sum, for in a single instance that I know of, fully \$75,000 was taken out of a town having only three thousand five hundred inhabitants. Multiply these figures by the population of other thrifty centers and you will gain an idea of what the total movement probably amounts to. Now, the sums borrowed at the banks covered payment of the first installment only. That is to say, the young clerk got his backer to go on his note to the extent of \$300, or perhaps \$1,000, so as to secure the land, and make a quick turn in the market through disposing of his property at advantageous terms before the second installment fell due. Many of these obligations mature in March, when the speculators will have to take up their notes at the banks, pay the second installment on their holdings, or submit to foreclosure. Of course, the burden will be very heavy, and the probable result will be severe losses, falling mainly on the *merchants or business men* who have backed their ambitious friends."

Mr. Potter, it would seem, is anxious to exonerate the banks from the charge of having encouraged the boom in land, or from having been negligent in not stopping it in time. From his words one can easily infer, however, that he is not at all sure of the guiltlessness of financial institutions, and that he refrained from explaining or commenting upon things as fully as he should have done. It would be absurd to assume that the bankers in the Northwest did not know what they were doing, or what the funds advanced were to be used for, when they accommodated their customers. They proved themselves not a whit wiser or more conservative than some of their colleagues in Wall street, who, it is suspected, are "loaded up" with more stuff of metaphysical value than they care to divulge.

The crazy speculation in farm land has had the result of reducing the reserve of banks to a dangerously low level, and of postponing the beginning of the return flow of currency to New York. Money is still firm at the latter center and promises to continue so for some time to come. Under ordinary circumstances, drafts on New York at Western points would now be selling at a good premium. Instead of that, however, they are hovering close to par, and interior banks are not at all disposed to avail themselves to a liberal degree of the tempting offers now made by Wall street.

United States Treasury officials are worried over the prevailing state of monetary affairs. They realize that money is unduly tied up in speculation, and that forced liquidation will furnish the only adequate and

permanent relief. Mr. Roberts does not hesitate to bewail the land boom in the Northwest, and to hint at a coming crash of generous proportions.



ROMANTIC LANDSCAPES

BY ALTHEA GYLES.

I.—EVENING.

THE shadows lie across the field,
The sun is gold upon the earth
The road in shadow lies;
And gold upon the skies.

The cavernous woods hold mysteries;
The evening with hushed breath
Waits the harsh hoof-beats of my horse
Upon the hill of Death.

II.—HIGH NOON.

When gold was the green of the grass,
And purple the shadow of trees;
He watched in sweet pilgrimage pass,
The joyfully laboring bees.

Watched dragon-flies' glittering gleam,
Heard the reeds a soft lullaby croon,
And greeted Death's delicate dream
In the shadows that followed the moon.

III.—RAIN.

The grief of the gray evening lies
Against the sorrowing slopes;
The huddled corn in longing sighs
For all its long-held hopes.

We will go homeward, love, and rest,
And find our life more warm,
As, your head lying on my breast,
We listen to the storm.



THE RUNAWAY

BY ZOE, ANDERSON NORRIS.

THEY had ransacked their brains for cruel things to say to one another—for it is to those we love that we say the cruel things—and were still.

By and by Carlotta stood.

"It is evident," said she, "that it is impossible for us to live together any longer. I am going."

For reply Jack gnawed at the end of an unlighted cigar.

She walked to her dressing table, and, opening the drawer, began to take out the little things, handkerchiefs, laces, frill-fralls, and lay them in a heap. Afterwards, opening a basket trunk, she placed them in its tray, lifted it out, took down skirt after skirt from hooks in the wardrobe and packed them carefully one above the other until the trunk was full.

Once, as she passed him on her way from the wardrobe to the trunk, he caught at her skirt. At the same time there came an almost imperceptible whisper of "Darling!"

She stopped a moment, wide-eyed and breathless; then went on packing.

When she had got into her traveling dress, locked the trunk and fastened the clasps of her hand-bag, she turned a chill profile to him.

"Will you order the carriage for me?" she inquired.

Obediently he pressed the button and gave the order.

The Mirror

It was not long before the boy was at the door again.

"The carriage is ready," he announced suavely.

Jack took his hat.

"I will see you to it," said he politely.

Carlotta clasped tense fingers on his sleeve.

"Jack!" she cried, breathlessly, "aren't you going with me?"

He looked down upon her in some surprise.

"Going with you?" he repeated. "But I thought you were leaving me, Carlotta."

She clung to his arm. She laid her white cheek close against his sleeve.

"So I am," she stammered, "but how can I drive from the hotel to the station alone? I have never done it. It's a long way. Then, the train to New York. It's longer. Then, the ferry, and—and—everything."

Jack gave vent to a slight whistle as he put on his hat, descended to the carriage, got in with her and drove off through the green woods surrounding the hotel, stationward.

Carlotta sat back listless, her hands in her lap.

"I shall take my old name of Farrington," she decided. "It isn't necessary to be known by your name any longer. It will only complicate matters. Besides, I prefer mine. Check the trunks by that name and they needn't know I've ever been married."

The trip was made in comparative silence, she sighing now and again and he watching her pensive profile outlined against the window of the car.

"If I should come after you," he asked, "would you come back home with me, some time or other, Carlotta?"

Great tender eyes turned on him and a hand nestled into his served as answer.

He was about to say, "Then why go away from me now?" but, reflecting upon the inexplicable flight of woman's reasoning, the contortion-like twist and quirk of her whim, refrained.

At the station on the Long Island side she stood by while he checked her baggage.

"What was the name you gave?" she gasped.

"Farrington," he answered, explaining: "Your name. You told me to give that, you remember."

"Oh!" she panted, walking along by his side to the boat, her tearful eyes fixed earthward. "It is as if I were drowning, trying to catch at a straw and finding none. I am lost! Lost! Oh, Jack, how could you give that name, when I belong to you; when I am your wife?"

And very humbly he answered her once again: "You told me to, Carlotta."

She was so white that when they had crossed to the New York side, it was with some fear and trembling that he said to her:

"Shall I leave you now, Carlotta?"

She roused herself and looked about her.

"I feel so helpless," she faltered, "face to face with these frantic cabmen, these rushing people, these hurrying street cars. I never could find my way to the house alone. I know I couldn't."

"Where are you going?"

"To a college friend, Mrs. Strange. She lives in a private boarding house—I hate a private boarding house—somewhere on Eighty-fifth street. Here is the address. Find the place for me, Jack. I'll never find it."

He called a hansom and took her to the door, on the sill of which she stood, toying with her fingers.

"Shall we say good-by, Carlotta?" he asked.

"Good-bye is such a final word," she sighed. "It means forever."

"But when people separate," he queried, "isn't it forever?"

She bit her lip.

"It frightens me," the words came hurrying, "that word forever. Aren't there other words? *Au revoir?* *Auf Wiedersehen?*"

"They mean till some happier time. They don't mean forever. Oh, Jack, let us say *auf wiedersehen*. And let's not say it now, out here in the broad light of this gaping day. I cannot bear it. Come back at four and say it to me. . . . Will you?"

"I will," assented he, and left her.

Mrs. Strange was not in. She watched him round the corner, then went to her room to wait for her return. In the meantime another room was being prepared for her. She paced up and down, thinking. At one time her face was white. At another it flushed pink to the roots of her hair. Nervous trembling shook her frame.

After what seemed an interminable length of time her friend came home. She ran into her arms.

"I have left Jack," she sobbed. "We quarreled. He said such cruel things. I couldn't endure them; and so I have left him."

Mrs. Strange soothed her.

"Parted from him forever?" she questioned. "Never to see him again?"

Carlotta put her from her sharply.

"Forever!" she exclaimed. "Why will you help the word to haunt me? Yes. I shall see him again. He is coming back at four o'clock to say good-by. No," correcting herself, "not good-bye, but *auf wiedersehen*."

Then she took to walking the floor again, her eyes off yonder, Mrs. Strange sitting wonderingly apart, looking at her.

Soon there followed a luncheon, at which Carlotta was introduced as Miss Farrington, according to programme; her trunks arrived addressed in like manner; so that, to all intents and purposes, she had practically commenced a new career under new name, condition and auspices.

Then a clock somewhere on a mantel-piece pointed to four.

Carlotta had spent long hours before her mirror, making herself beautiful. Not since her girlhood had she taken such excessive pains with her personal appearance. She had discarded all color and dressed herself simply in white. She had tied velvet of dull black at her throat and waist and a bow of it in her hair. Now she sat at the window of her room, looking out on a green park and waiting.

As the hands of the clock passed four and pointed to five, fear crept to her eyes. At six, impatient to the point of madness, she ascended to her friend's room and sat there, trying to force light talk, her heart in her shoes.

At ten minutes after six—long leisurely minutes—the boy came to the door.

"There is a gentleman below, Miss," said he. "His name is Mayfair. He says he wants to see his wife."

A sudden joy swept the fear from Carlotta's eyes. "It's Jack!" she cried, and ran past the surprise of the boy, down three flights of stairs, to the parlor and him.

She leaned ecstatically over him.

"Come to my room," she whispered, and taking him by the hand, led him to it, closed the door, pushed him to a couch and flinging herself on her knees before him, clasped him in her arms.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cooed. "I'm so glad to see you. I'm so glad to see you. When you think you are never to see a face again—and then to see it! Oh, oh! I thought you were never coming, beloved. I walked the floor. I have looked at the clock and looked at it until it's a wonder there's any face left. And then you came. When I thought you were never coming, you came!"

She pushed the hair from his forehead, threw back her head and devoured him with her eyes.

"I had forgotten how beautiful you were," she rambled on. "When two are constantly together they are apt to forget. It takes a little time of separation to bring back the preciousness. And you came back to me!"

He released a hand and took out his watch.

"But I must go now, dear," he told her gently, "if I want to make my train."

She caught at him with tender startled hands.

"Go, Jack," she repeated. "Go where?"

"Why, back to the hotel in Long Island where I came from, of course, Carlotta."

"And leave me here?"

He shook his head.

"Carlotta," he remonstrated, "you forget that it is you who are leaving me."

There came a knock at the door. Carlotta rose, her finger to her lip, rushed forward and opened it the fraction of an inch.

Mrs. Strange stood without.

"Come in," said Carlotta, opening it wider.

She entered. Her face was flushed. Her eyes angry.

"You've got me into a lot of trouble, Carlotta," she began, without more ado. "The bell boy has gone to the landlady with a pretty story, that a man by the name of Mayfair called for his wife and that Miss Farrington ran down to the parlor and took him up to her room. The thing, naturally, amazed her. She immediately sent for me to explain. How could I explain? You were Miss Farrington and yet here is your husband in your room."

Carlotta spread out her hands.

"Haven't you lived at boarding houses long enough to conjure up some story that will do?" demanded she. "Think!"

Mrs. Strange thought.

"Shall we tell her there is some mistake about the name?" she asked. "That it is Mrs. Farrington and not Miss Farrington? But Farrington wasn't the name Jack sent in. It was Mayfair. Shall we tell her that Jack isn't your husband, then?"

"No!" emphatically. "He is my husband."

"When you have left him he ceases to be your husband," decided Mrs. Strange. "But if he isn't your husband, what earthly business has he in your room? Can't you see how the thing queers me? My friend, an unmarried girl, who hurries a gentleman to her apartment and closes the door on him! A woman who calls herself 'Miss,' with a man visiting her who calls himself her husband!"

Carlotta went over and stood by Jack.

"Who calls himself her husband," she smiled. "Who is her husband." Laying two hands on his shoulders she bent over him and kissed him on the eyes. "And he isn't going back anywhere and leave her here in this hot, stuffy city all by herself. She is going with him."

Mrs. Strange sank into a chair in a state of collapse.

"Then why in the name of heaven—?" she commenced, and stopped at the uplifting of Carlotta's hand.

"Hush!" she admonished, "and go to work on that story for the landlady's ears. Tell her the names got mixed. It was 'Mrs.' not 'Miss.' Tell her we have suddenly been called away to see a sick friend in Boston, or Chicago, or Kalamazoo. Tell her not to bother her head about his being in my room, because that is his place. Face the music, if you want to, and tell her the truth. That I've run away from my husband and now I'm going straight back to him again. Tell her to rush that tell-tale boy up here for my trunks in half an hour exactly. They'll be quite ready then."

Gloves

Are Acceptable and Useful Presents, especially pleasing if they are from

Nugent's

Holiday Gloves Shown in a Variety of Styles and a Profusion of Colors.

BEING the sole sellers in St. Louis for the world's greatest glovers,

Messrs. Trefousse Et Cie,

OF PARIS, FRANCE,

Enables us to offer many exclusive styles, their own creations—that are not obtainable elsewhere . . .

Trefousse Glace Gloves, \$1.50 to \$2.50 a pair.

Trefousse Suede Gloves, \$1.35 to \$2.00 a pair.

Glove Certificates

Have become popular for Gifts—as they enable the recipients to make their own selections and get just the style and color desired.

Glove Certificates for any amount on sale at glove counter

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Company, Broadway, Washington Avenue and St. Charles Street.

Tell her any rigmarole you like and welcome, so I go back home and stay with Jack, where I belong."

The door closed and Carlotta nestled on the couch close to Jack. She wound her arms about his neck and lay her cheek on his shoulder.

"We'll let by-gones be by-gones, won't we?" she whispered, her eyes big with content, "and nothing we say to each other counts when we are angry; does it? It is just as if it had never been said."

"Nothing counts," said he, "when we are angry."

"Half a day was plenty long enough," she went on, whispering, "to show me what life would be without you. I couldn't live it. That is all. I couldn't live it."

He bent and kissed her hair.

"And so, Carlotta," he petitioned, "you'll promise me that whenever you run away from me you'll always take me with you, the same as to-day?"

She clasped her arms tighter, pressed her cheek close to his and laughed.



THE WAY OF THINGS

BY BEACH CLARK.

A BOY lay tossing on a narrow bed in a great hospital. Nurses hurried to and fro, and here and there a moan or sigh told their story of life in its other raiments. A nurse, in passing, would touch his fevered brow with a cool, white hand, and shaking her head, hurry on to the next white bed—pitying, but accustomed. The Boy was going to die; the doctor had said so, and the Boy had heard him. He didn't care much, but he wished he could have waited awhile at least. He was young. No one ever thought twenty-two a suitable age to die, he knew, but if they had said so, why, of course—anyway, he was too sick to care much.

He was thinking of all the things he might have done, when the Girl came. She had brought him flowers to place beside his bed, and her bright young face and presence turned his thoughts to what he might do if he could live. She told him of his friends, of her pleasures and her little worries and cares, and his pale, wan face lightened and relaxed, and for a moment he forgot. She told him that he looked better, but he only

smiled. And when she rose to go, she bent over and kissed him. Before the Boy could speak she had gone. Her talk and her visit gave him strength and hope, and from that time on he wanted to live. He knew that she loved him, for she had never changed since that night on the sandy shores of a restless sea when she had told him so, with no one to hear but the moon and the breaking waves. He had played at love while the warm days lasted, but when the falltime came he knew he didn't care. He was young and a Boy, and he had read that Love was something different.

For three long weeks Death hovered over him. The Girl came every day and sat for hours beside his bed, hoping and wishing and listening to his delirious words. She never heard her name as he mumbled of his past, but she never wearied and her visits never ceased. She, too, was young and a Girl, but she had never read of Love. One day the doctor said that he was out of danger. She came as often as before, and the Boy was happy watching her glowing face and pretty smiles. And when he was convalescent, they took long walks and talked of themselves, of their pleasures and their past; and when a distant uncle came to take the Boy away, he knew that he loved her, and he wondered then if she loved him.

Before he went he told her, and her answer was a look and a confession, and the Boy went away happy and full of hope. He was to settle in the distant West, where his uncle lived, and when he had succeeded he was to write to her and she was to come to him. When he had gone she realized what it was—this love of a woman—and she spent her days in longing and her nights in dreaming, while her friends criticised and scolded; but she heard and cared not.

The Boy grew strong and brown, and his every day was but the dawn of one more gone before she should be with him always. And so the months went on. The Boy went out into the world and faced Life.

But one day in the drear of autumn, when the summer had gone and the colorful leaves lay rotting in the pathways, a letter came to her telling of his wedding—to the sweetest girl in all the world, it said.

And she showed it to her husband and was glad.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

THE LAY OF THE LOBSTER

BY ALBERT LEE.

THE lobster is a kind of bird,
Concerning which you may have heard.
He dwells beneath the sea;
He has a tail, but has no wings;
I don't think that he ever sings,
But crawls most gracefully.

Now, once a lobster, young and green,
Who'd never seen a soup tureen,
Came scrambling through the surf;
A maiden, who was standing there,
Picked up that foolish young lobster,
And took him on the turf.

The maiden to the lobster said,
"I'll take you out and paint you red,
I'll give you a hot time!"
The lobster thought this would be great,
And did not realize till late
His ignorance sublime.

The lobster said it would be fine
To have some supper and some wine;
He thought he was a rounder.
The maid, though, knew her little trick;
She got him in hot water quick,
And left him there to flounder.

She ripped the lobster up the back,
And gave his skull a lusty crack,
Then roasted him quite well.
And when she'd got all that there was
To get out of that lobster's claws,
She threw away the shell.

I'm sure that no one well can fail
To grasp the moral of this tale—
It's very plain to see.
A lobster is a lobster now,
He is a lobster anyhow,
And will forever be.

From the December Smart Set.

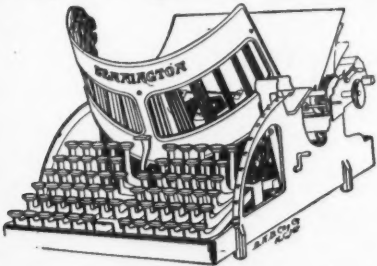
SENT FREE ON REQUEST

A LIST OF BOOKS IN BELLES LETTRES



THOMAS B. MOSHER
XLV EXCHANGE ST.
PORTLAND, MAINE
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LIST THAT
MR. MOSHER HAS YET ISSUED.

Truly an Age of Invention,



The Bennington

A WORD-WRITING TYPEWRITER,

Destined to make back numbers of existing typewriters.

Has five new and valuable features of merit, any two of which would make a superior machine.

No larger than existing typewriters.

We are now offering to investors a limited amount of stock at 50 cents on the dollar. As soon as we have sold enough to complete equipment, manufacture and sell our machines, no more will be offered at any price.

We want a few good men for active official positions, who will invest with us.

If you are interested in the making of a choice investment, with prospects of 40 to 60 per cent profit, and which carries with it first right or preference to a good position.

Write us for Prospectus.

Capital Stock, \$1,500,000. Shares, \$1.00.

The Bennington Typewriter Co.,

304-5 Lyceum Building,

KANSAS CITY, U. S. A.

We claim that our Diamond Stock is unequalled in quality and invite critical examination and comparison. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

NEW BOOKS

A book that merits special attention is "Kotto," published by the Macmillan Company, New York. It is a collection, made by Lafcadio, Hearn, lecturer on English Literature in the Imperial University of Tokio, of Japanese curios, nine short tales and poetical reflections of a philosophical, ethical and religious nature, all permeated with the exquisitely fastidious and thoroughly artistic spirit of Oriental Japan. Some of the stories are delightfully fantastical, but all are calculated to appeal to lovers of the select in literature. The dreaming fancy of the Orient greets us from every page. From the religio-philosophical reflections, we select the following from "A Drop of Dew:" "Buddhism finds in such a dew-drop the symbol of that other microcosm which has been called the Soul. What more, indeed, is man that just such temporary orbiting of viewless ultimates—imagining sky and land and life—filled with perpetual mysterious shuddering—and responding in some wise to every stir of the ghostly forces that environ him . . . Your personality?—your peculiarity? That is to say, your ideas, sentiments, recollections?—your very particular hopes and fears and loves and hates. Why, in each of a trillion dew drops there must be differences infinitesimal of atom-thrilling and of reflection. And in every one of the countless pearls of ghostly vapor updrawn from the Sea of Birth and Death there are like infinitesimal peculiarities. Your personality signifies, in the eternal order, just as much as the special motion of molecules in the shivering of a single drop. Perhaps in no other drop will the thrilling and the picturing be ever exactly the same, but the dews will continue to gather and to fall, and there will always be quivering pictures. The very delusion of delusions is the idea of death as loss." The last sentence may be regarded as representing the very quintessence of Buddhism. This collection of Japanese literary lore is decidedly unique and of rare merit. The volume is superbly bound and illustrated and of distinguishably good typography. Price, \$1.50 net.

Carolyn Wells has made a collection of many of the best specimens of good nonsense in verse. She has done well. This branch of literature has been neglected too much, and so persistently relegated to undeserved obscurity that the reading public has but a scant knowledge of the good things that it contains. Nonsense is nonsense relatively only. Judged by itself, it frequently is more sensible and more instructive than the most renowned solid sense. Like a child or a fool, the writer of good nonsense is apt to tell the truth in refreshingly naive form. If he understands his art, he can give us more wisdom in a few verses than a Plato can in three volumes of ponderous metaphysics. There are comparatively few who have the ability of giving us the real thing in nonsense. William Pitt used to say, "Don't tell me of a man's being able to talk sense; every one can talk sense. Can he talk nonsense?" To be able to

Weddings.

The correct forms and very latest shapes and styles
in Fine Engraved

Wedding Invitations, Announcements,

Etc., are to be had at the J. BOLLAND JEWELRY CO.

Also Finest Engraved Visiting Cards,
Society Stationery, Etc.

Mr. CHAS. A. WAUGH, for many years with the E. JACCARD JEWELRY Co., is Manager of our Stationery Department.

J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

Locust and Seventh Streets.

WE MAKE THEM.
WHAT?

UMBRELLAS,
PARASOLS and CANES.

IT'S FROM
FACTORY
TO YOU.



A SAVING
WORTH TAKING.

519
LOCUST.

Namendorf
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE WEST END HOTEL,

Vandeventer Avenue and West Belle Place.

Absolutely Fire-Proof. Strictly High Class. Both Plans.

RESTAURANT AND GRILL ROOM.

FORSTER HOTEL COMPANY.

DAVID LAUBER, Manager.

Art Dealers

PAINTINGS,
ETCHINGS,
FAC-SIMILES,
CARBONS.

—FRAMING IN ALL STYLES—

NOONAN & KOCIAN'S,

617 Locust Street.



Established 1850. Telephone 1013
THE OLD RELIABLE.
MATTHEWS'
DYE AND CLEANING WORKS
Dry and Chemical Cleaning.
514 OLIVE STREET.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Diamonds and Jewelry

CENTRAL LOAN OFFICE.

204 N. FOURTH STREET

"The World's Greatest Jewelry Establishment."

"Lowest Priced House in America for Fine Goods."

High Grade Watches

Of four or five really high-grade watches representing the acme or the culmination of the world's horological science, two stand conspicuously in the forefront—Patek, Philippe & Co. and Jules Jurgensen, and for them we are sole agents. We rank them side by side, though each watch has its champions. Both have taken medals at important expositions, and they are almost equally costly. There are no watches we might more conscientiously recommend for precision or for presentation purposes.

PATEK, PHILIPPE & CO. WATCHES, in plain lever movements, \$140 to \$225; complicated movements (including 1, 5 and 15 minute repeaters, split-second timers, astronomical, calendar, etc.) \$450.00 to \$850.00.

JULES JURGENSEN WATCHES, in plain lever movements, \$460.00 to \$475.00; complicated movements (minute repeaters, etc.) \$800.00 to \$850.00.

MERMOD & JACCARD TESTED WATCHES, with bulletin from the Government Observatory at Geneva, certifying to the highest averages in time-keeping, \$165.00 to \$265.00, in fine gold cases.

Among other fine movements of pronounced excellence and reliability, we carry the "Constant," the "Standard," the "Paragon" and all the best American movements of established reputation.

WATCH REPAIRING, Cleaning and Regulating expertly executed, promptly and reasonably.

Just Issued Our new 304-page Catalogue of things suitable for wedding and Christmas gifts—**Catalogue** over 4,000 illustrations—fresh from the press. Write for it—free.

Mermod & Jaccard's,

BROADWAY, Corner of Locust Street.



write and to appreciate fine nonsense may, indeed, be considered the touchstone of a polished, discriminative mind. The book under review, very appropriately bears the title of "A Nonsense Anthology." The selections have been made with fine judgment, Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll, the Famous British writers of the humorously fantastic, being particularly well represented. "A Nonsense Anthology" deserves and amply rewards perusal. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, are the publishers. Price, \$1.25 net.

Stanton H. King has a well-merited reputation as a writer of nautical affairs and stories. His "Dog Watches of the Sea," some years ago, proved singularly successful. His latest book, entitled "A Bunch of Rope Yarns," is fully up to the standard set by the previous one. It is a miscellany of simple, yet interesting incidents of life on the sea, partly reminiscent and biographical in character, clearly told, and studded with many a telling and terse comment on sociological problems of the day. Special attention is paid by the author to the conduct of seamen's missions. In his breezily nautical preface, Mr. King says: "The remembrance of the oaths, cuffs and kicks from a cruel boatswain, on finding some of the rope-yarns poorly knotted, makes me offer in fear and trembling this literary 'Bunch of Rope Yarns.'" In regard to the moral habits of sailors, which have always been the object of criticism, we are told that "it is not that the sailor enjoys places of ill-repute more than something better. It is simply that that is the best he finds after he leaves his ship. He likes the company of women; two-thirds of his life he is debarred from their society; he likes a social evening, and he is bound to have it, and all the fun he can, so long as he is on shore." This interesting little book is neatly bound and published by The Gorham Press, Boston. Price, \$1.25.

Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., is the author of a book that affords good, instructive reading of the right sort for American boys. It is entitled "The Boy," and shows him the way to success in life. The author, in compiling the book,

has had the assistance of "three hundred and nineteen American men of marked accomplishment." The book should be in the hands of every young fellow who is starting out in life and has the right kind of ambition. It will give him many new and valuable ideas. (Published by Oakwood Publishing Co., Boston.)

"Dream Days," by Kenneth Grahame, is a volume of poetically-conceived and daintily written sketches, which appeal to the adolescent readers of well-developed intelligence as well as to all those who fancy fine literary skill, wit, imagination and sentiment of the most delightful and fastidious character. The author has the true artist's touch and feeling. He succeeds in finding romance in things and incidents which others would consider too prosaic to notice, or too trifling to study. The volume under review is finely illustrated. There are ten photographs, which, together with the cover-design, are by Maxfield Parrish, who must be complimented on the artistry and subtlety of his work. As a Christmas gift, "Dream Days" could hardly be excelled. Price, \$2.50 net. Published by John Lane, New York.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, are the publishers of "John Gayther's Garden and the Stories Told Therein," by Frank R. Stockton. The volume contains eleven stories, nearly every one of which abounds in satiric reflections, quaint and witty sayings and portrayals of character that are strikingly clever. "The Cot and the Rill," "My Balloon Hunt" and the "Vice-Consort" are particularly interesting and the most characteristic of the author's style and fancy. The last-named is distinguished by that broadly humorous strain which is so characteristic of the best American writers. The following passage will convey a fairly accurate idea of Stockton's way of looking at things: "Before I was married I used to feel that all we had to do in this world is to grow up like grass or clover-blossoms, and to perform our parts by being just as green or as sweet-smelling as our natures allow. But I do not think that way now. Along comes a cow, and our careers are ended. Of course, we cannot get out of the way of our fate any more than grass can

get out of the way of a cow; but it often happens that we can accommodate ourselves to our misfortunes. We can be content to being nibbled close; we can spring up again from the roots; or we can patiently wait until we blossom again the next summer." The book fur-

nishes good, healthy reading. It teaches, stimulates and amuses. Price, \$1.50 net.

John Lane, New York, is the publisher of "Heroines of Poetry," by Constance E. Maud. The ten stories contained in this volume are selected from



If you need glasses, go to an Oculist. Then come to me.

Opera Glasses and Bags.

TRAINS that run on tracks and automobiles for Xmas. The best and cheapest line in the city. No trouble to answer questions.

Oliver Abel, Optician and Expert Frame Fitter,
Seventh and Locust Street.

Sprague's Colonial Restaurant,

Broadway and Locust Street.

Service and Appointments the Finest.

Open after the theater - - No Liquors.

100 New Rooms.

Fronting **The Monticello**, At Kingshighway
Forest Park and West Pine Blvd.

Engage family suites in new house with decorations to suit.

L. C. IRVINE, President and Manager.

Only the Best and Plenty of it used in Constructing.



WE POINT TO OUR RECORD OF 52 YEARS.

If your dealer tries to talk you into the mistake of buying another make, write to us.

Charter Oak Stove & Range Co., ST. LOUIS.

Humphrey's Corner.

It's
Time

To look after the comfort and health of the little folks, and in buying their clothes, don't forget that they demand more style and better values than the older ones. You pay nothing for the style you get here, for we more than give you your money's worth in the materials and make of the clothes. Note some of the prices:

Boys' Nobby Overcoats, 3 to 8 years, reduced from \$7.50 and \$6.50 to **\$5.00** to give an extra good assortment at that price.

Boys' Sailor Blouse and Two-Piece Suits reduced from \$7.50, \$7.00 and \$6.50 to **\$5.00** for the same reason.

Boys' Hats and Furnishings—2d floor.

Ping-Pong Set in Boys' Department with every purchase of \$5.00 or over.

F. W. Humphrey
Clothing Co.,
Broadway and Pine
St. Louis.

Best Passenger Service in
TEXAS

"No Trouble to Answer Questions."

Write for Resort Pamphlet and New Book on TEXAS—Free.

E. P. TURNER,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

HASKINS & SELLS.

Certified Public Accountants.

NO. 30 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

BRANCH OFFICES:

CHICAGO, CLEVELAND, LONDON.

CABLE ADDRESS "HASKSELLS."

LINCOLN TRUST BUILDING.

TELEPHONES: { BELL, MAIN 2815.
KINLOCH, B. 1935

standard authors, as they necessarily should be, and afford reading that will be appreciated by every literary gourmet. Among the contents we note "Maid of the Swan-Skin," by William Morris; "The Peasant Maid," by Longfellow; "The Little Duchess," by Browning; "The Good Sister," by Rossetti, and "The Learned Princess," by Tennyson. The book is attractively bound and tastefully illustrated.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, are the publishers of a volume containing two stories by F. J. Stimson, entitled "Jethro Bacon of Sandwich," and "The Weaker Sex." These two stories are really good. They should be read by all who are able to distinguish between the tawdry, banale and namby-pamby and the masculine, crisp and forcible in modern fiction. The author has realistic leanings. He is, occasionally, superlatively frank and graphic, but he knows how to handle his subject, how to develop plot and how to limn character in the most effective style. His diction is crisp. It betrays the writer of force and skill. Take this passage, for instance: "Jethro waited till the last group disappeared finally in the perseleaved thickets, wine shadows against the fading sky; waited till the last sound vanished. The woman stood still. The torn dress clung to her like drapery to a statue; a rent at the bosom, where one fold dropped away, showed her full throat, her breast brown as her cheek, seemingly as pulseless. Still her face did not redden; her nature seemed too elemental for a triviality. Then, as she gazed at him—'Barbara,' said the man. He took her wrist and lifted it; the cheap cotton fell back, and his hand followed the rounded arm almost to the shoulder. . . . He spoke her name once more. She looked at him, but no one saw him, as he kissed her, there in the twilight of the purple meadow. They, too, turned and walked away, his hand around her, and beneath her breast, still hot from the labor of the field." The second story, "The Weaker Sex," suggests, by its clean-cut, terse, telling sentences, and its almost brutal brusqueness, some of the best short stories of Maupassant. The price of the book is \$1.00.

"The Lighted Taper," by Oakman Patton, is a simple, sweet love-story of the familiar kind, with a decidedly religious leit-motif, which, at times, becomes entirely too predominant and assumes an importance to which it is not at all entitled. Yet one cannot help following the fortunes and love experiences of *Floyd DeShon* and *Katherine* with sustained interest throughout the two hundred and eighty-five pages that the book contains. The story is up to the average of present-day fiction. The fact that it interests, in spite of the markedly conventional character of its plot, is its best recommendation. Published by Botolph Book Company, Boston.

Wedding invitations, in correct forms, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. 100 fine calling cards and engraved copper plate; \$1.50; 100 cards from your plate, \$1.00.



Corticelli
SPOOL SILK

Is the Strongest and Smoothest Silk Made.

Corticelli and Brainerd & Armstrong
WASH SILKS

are Lustrous and Fast Colors. * Demand these Brands.
Avoid imitations and their annoyances.

The Stamford
Odorless
Blue Flame
Gas Heater

Will heat a good sized room for one and one-half of a cent an hour, and you can take it home under your arm,

Backus Building,

1011 OLIVE ST.,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

GOOD GAS GOODS.

PHONE—Bell, Main 1143,
Kinloch, C 659.

BOOKS

{ All the late Cloth
and Paper Bound
Books can be
found at - - }

ROEDER'S BOOK STORE
616 LOCUST STREET.



Handmade

and

Homemade

Our Winter Suits and Overcoats are tailor-made throughout.

And they are made in our own factory in New York.

That means they're well made

Suits = \$10 to \$35

Overcoats \$12 to \$40

VARIETY

AND QUALITY

A chance to choose with every garment guaranteed.

Boys' Sailors, Norfolks, two and three piece Suits and Russian Blouses.

Reefers and Overcoats, too,

\$3.50 to \$15

Browning,
King & Co.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

SOCIETY

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mrs. J. P. Peltason, of 5768A Fairmount avenue, will be "at home" on Mondays in future.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Neldringhaus, gave a ball, at the St. Louis Club, in honor of Miss Lucille Niedringhaus. A delightful supper was served at midnight.

On Tuesday Miss Elsie Hewlett and Mr. George Robinson were married, the ceremony taking place at the Church of the Emmanuel at Old Orchard, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. David D. Walker, Jr., gave a dinner in honor of their second wedding anniversary. The guests were Messrs. and Mesdames Leland Benoist, David Calhoun, Duncan Joy and Sidney Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Wise have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Marie Josephine Wise, and Mr. Walter Hollis Averill, which will take place on Dec. 1st. The bride and groom will make their home at 5740 Cabanne avenue.

On Friday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Carter will throw open their home to a large number of guests, who will be invited to meet the debutante daughter of the house, Miss Clara Carter. After the guests have greeted the host and hostess and their daughter, the ballroom will be in readiness for dancing.

Mrs. Thomas K. Niedringhaus gave a dinner, on Monday evening, to twenty-six debutantes and their escorts. The function was given in honor of Miss Blanche Niedringhaus, who is one of the pretty young women lately presented to society. After a repast, served in courses, the young people spent the evening dancing.

Miss Carolyn Irwin Mehrling rendered the very difficult recitation, "The Doom of Claudius and Cynthia," for the Unity Dramatic Club, in their hall, at the Odeon, Tuesday evening, Nov. 18th, and was received with enthusiasm. One of Miss Mehrling's pupils recited "As the Moon Rose," one of the latest dramatic recitations from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Lederer, of 3412 Washington avenue, accompanied by their daughters, Misses Jeannette and Marie, left, this week, for French Lick Springs, prior to an extended Eastern tour.

Mrs. Hinman Clark and Mrs. Jno. Ralston will entertain the Jefferson Chapter, D. A. R., on Saturday, the 29th, when a musical programme will be given.

A fashionable ball was given, on Tuesday evening, at Mahler's, by Mrs. Francis Beauregard De Aguilar and Miss Mary Slattery, in honor of their younger sister, Miss Ruth Slattery, who, during the evening, was formally presented to society. The hostesses were assisted by Mrs. Bryce Gray, of New York. After the dance an elaborate supper was served in the banquet hall.

Mrs. Galus Paddock gave a reception, on Monday afternoon, from 4 to 6 o'clock, when she presented her youngest daughter, Miss Lucile Paddock, formally into society. Serving punch and cafe frappe, were Misses Margaret Long and Mabel Stegall, Gertrude Parker, Elizabeth Hull, Marie Packham and Elizabeth McKinney. Among the ladies present during the afternoon were Mesdames Rolla Wells, James Drummond, John Boyle, William Glasgow, Eugene Abadie, Warren Bailey, Otto E. Foster, John Holmes, I. H. Thompson, William S. Long and Miss Florence Holmes.

The marriage of Miss Gladys Taussig and Mr. Bert Lang took place on Tuesday, at the West Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. F. H. Ferguson officiating. After the ceremony there was a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Taussig, of Cabanne avenue. The bride was attended by Miss Judith Oliver as maid of honor and Misses Maude Hubbell, Lucille Niedringhaus, Maude Miller, Marie Packham, Margaret Jackson and Susan Parker as bridesmaids. Mr. Amadee Tausig was best man. The ushers and groomsmen were Messrs. Roy



DO YOU

Want a Business Sack Suit? Choose from our Handsome Collection of Fancy Cheviots, in stripes and over-plaids, also new neat effects in Worsted. No matter who, or where you are, you're dressed "right" in garments made by us.

Business Sack Suits to Order, \$20 to \$50.

Mills & Averill

TAILORING CO.,
Broadway and Pine.

SWELL
CHRISTMAS
PRESENTS

A. KURTZBORN & SONS
JEWELERS

CARLETON BLDG.,
310 NORTH SIXTH STREET,
ST. LOUIS MO.

NEW ELEGANT AND NOVEL
DESIGNS OF DIAMONDS AND
GOLD JEWELRY, WATCHES
SILVER, CUT-GLASS, CLOCKS
ETC. AT
REASONABLE PRICES

©INNER CHI

McCann, Roy Carter, Wilbur White, Fred Hattersley, E. L. Adreon, Cable Gray and Mansfield Bay. The young couple left for a honeymoon tour and will be "at home" to friends, after January 1st, at 5965 West Cabanne avenue.

"I see that overworked, perspiring clerk has brought a cushion down for his office chair." "Yep; he says that's his only chance of ever landing in a soft place." Had the clerk worn Swope's shoes he would have known there were other articles of comfort besides cushions. Swope's shoes are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

KLEEKAMP BROS. PIANO CO.,
Sole Agents for the world renowned

Henry F. Miller Pianos.
43 years before the public, the best made,
The reliable.

Busch & Gerts Pianos.

Nearly 40,000 in use. 10 years' guarantee, the popular VICTOR and other high grade pianos sold for cash or on time payments. Old piano exchanged at full value.

TUNING AND REPAIRING,
20 years' experience.
2307 PARK AVE. Phone, Kinloch C 1936

Imported novelties. Heller's, 4011 Olive st.

MUSIC

THE ADAMS-STERN RECITAL.

It was a case of too much Stern. Had the clever 'cellist's compositions, some of his solo numbers, and above all, his pianoforte accompaniments, been eliminated, the programme offered by the Union Musical Club, at its initial "artists recital" of the season, might have passed muster; as it stood, it proved to be trivial and soporific, and caused many a seat to be vacated before its conclusion.

The "artists" had evidently mistaken the character of the audience they were called upon to entertain. For a "musical entertainment" at the Y. M. C. A., where people want the "old familiar tunes," Saint Saens' "The Swan," the Godard "Berceuse," the transcription of Schubert's "Serenade," and Davidhoff's "Fountain" would be fitting selections; there they would be heard with pleasure, and the equanimity of the auditor, superinduced by listening to something that he "knows," would be but little disturbed if Mr. Stern were to add the group of commonplace, conventional numbers signed by himself; but to offer these

saccharine confections to a Union Musical audience is an impertinence.

A little investigation proves that the violoncello has not been so neglected by composers as Mr. Stern's programme would lead us to believe. Tschaikowsky and other big moderns have contributed to its literature, but in all probability they are a sealed book to this 'cellist.

Mr. Stern is equipped with a fine, suavely-speaking instrument, and some technical skill. His tone is rich and smooth, but his intonation, at this concert was not above reproach.

Mrs. Stern (Suzanne Adams) displayed better judgment in choosing her numbers; she gave some substantial specimens of song literature, and an aria from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro."

Though not a great, or even—in recital—an interesting singer, this soprano is acceptable by reason of her agreeable personality, her white, clear, voice and some charm of diction. In operatic work, where limelight and action give a specious brilliancy to vocal effort, she is very effective, and her *Marguerite*, *Juliet* and *Micaela* rank as performances of the first class, but deprived of extraneous aids, on the cold bare concert stage, where concealment of the defects of her method of voice production is impossible, her work is not strong enough to interest a sophisticated audience.

Mrs. Stern was at her happiest in the Godard number sung in place of a Brahms song, and at her unhappiest in her husband's futile songs.

Mr. Ernst played superb accompaniments on a piano of ligneous tone, and acquitted himself gracefully in a trying situation imposed upon him by the ubiquitous "prima donna's husband."

The encore microbe had failed to get into the hall—the audience was polite, but refused to enthuse. Numerically, it was a fair assemblage, but not sufficiently large to leave the Club's treasury untouched.



CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

The managers of the St. Louis Children's Hospital (Free Hospital, Jefferson avenue and Adams street) will give a reception and hold their annual sale at Mahler's Hall, 3545 Olive street, on Friday evening, December 5th, from 7.30 to 10 p. m. The sale will continue all day Saturday, December 6, from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. There will be special attractions in hand-made lingerie and aprons, with many useful and handsome articles suitable for Christmas gifts, also fine doll's millinery, a bride doll with trousseau, and King Edward and Queen Alexandra in coronation robes. A steel range and other choice articles will be raffled. There will be music and refreshments and home-made cakes and candies. The entertainment deserves the liberal support of our citizens.



Our late importation of Art Nouveau bronzes and electroliers is positively unsurpassed this side of New York. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.



Beautiful selections of wedding silver at F. W. Drosten's.



European art treasures. 4011 Olive st.



The Power of Goodness

pervades and individualizes our splendid Suits and Overcoats, and this virtue distinguishes them from other ready-tailored garments.

Equal goodness must necessarily have its birth in ambition no less than ours—to reach the highest point of excellence.

An appreciative public who want the best, rightfully expect the best from us, where all things—clothes and method harmoniously trend in the direction of perfection.

We call your attention to our offering of Fashionable Suits, made expressly for us, and up to our exacting standard of goodness—which means much to you who purchase them—the price

\$15

Werner Bros.

The Republic Building,
On Olive Street at Seventh.

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney

Toilet specialties for the fastidious—very nice things—found nowhere else in St. Louis.

Toilet specialties for the fastidious—very nice things—found nowhere else in St. Louis.

Country Club extracts put up in dainty boxes, one and two ounce bottles at 50c and \$1.

Country Club massage cream 50cts a jar—Country Club sachet powders in glass bottles, 25c, 45c to \$1.75.

Country Club toilet soap box of 3 cakes 25cts.

Sea Foam bath soap, a German Specialty, 35 cents for half dozen cakes.

So many who have tried our specially manufactured "Pine Tar" soap have told us "It is the nicest shampoo soap that I have ever used." Very refreshing for the bath—possesses all the antiseptic properties of pine tar, price, 10c a cake.

Broadway, Olive, Locust Streets, St. Louis.

What's in a Name?

Well—If You buy any other but the

P-I-A-N-O-L-A

You will realize the true value of a name.

The great popularity which the PIANOLA has achieved in the four years of its existence has made the word PIANOLA so well known that many people are calling all piano-playing attachments PIANOLAS. In addition to this, some dealers are allowing their imitative instruments to be called PIANOLAS. We wish to notify the public that the word PIANOLA is the name of an individual instrument which is superior—immeasurably superior—in design, construction, principle, effect, ease of understanding and manipulation than all its imitators. It is made only by the Aeolian Co. of New York, and is sold exclusively (don't forget, exclusively) by the Bolland Bros. Piano Co.

Avoid imitators. The genuine PIANOLA has its name plainly imprinted upon it, as well as the name of its maker.

In justice to yourself, before buying, investigate this most perfect, popular and artistic instrument, and don't forget the spelling—

P-I-A-N-O-L-A

An instrument by means of which anyone without any knowledge of music can play the piano.

Bolland Bros Piano Co.

1100 OLIVE ST.

ST. LOUIS.

Choral-Symphony Society==Opening Concert

Thursday (Thanksgiving) Night, Nov. 27th in the ODEON.

Soloist—Raoul Pugno, Pianist; Conductor, Mr. Alfred Ernest. Choral-Symphony Orchestra. 60 Leading Instrumentalists of St. Louis.

Subscription tickets, good for six grand concerts, \$10, \$7.50 and \$5 according to location.

THURSDAY EVE. December 11—First Grand Popular Concert.

Chorus, 300; Orchestra, 60; Organ, Leading Local Soloists,

Parquet, 50c; Balcony 25c; Box Seats 75c; All Seats Reserved,

FOR THE

Library or Living Room

Gifts
\$1 to \$1,000

**Scarritt-
Comstock
Furniture Co.**
St. Louis.

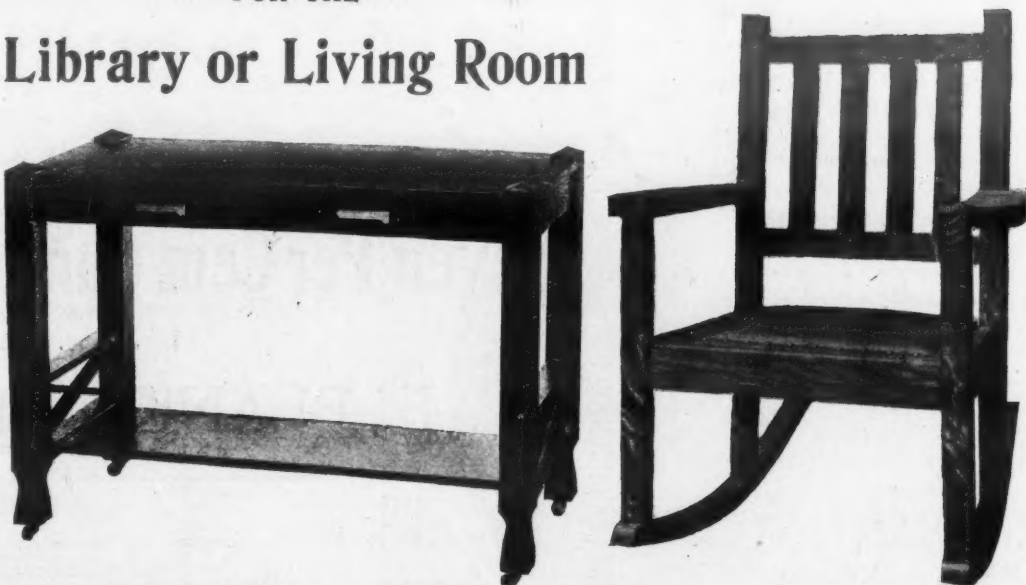
Exclusive
Novelties.

Arts and Crafts Display, 1,000 Feet
Devoted to This.

Compare the prices of these pieces with any other.

Weathered Oak Weathered Oak

Table 20x42, \$12.00 Chair or \$11.00
20x48, \$15.00 Rocker, (Spanish Leather)



THE
ALTON'S
1903
FENCING
GIRL

Copyright, 1903
by C. & A. R. Y.

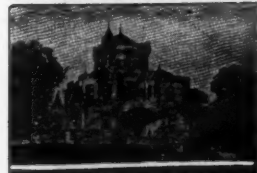
ART CALENDAR

Four graceful poses from life; figures ten inches high, reproduced in colors. Highest example of lithographic art.

"THE ONLY WAY"

To own one of these beautiful calendars is to send twenty-five cents, with name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, 328 Monadnock Building, CHICAGO, ILL.
The best railway line between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY and PEORIA.

HERBERT C. CHIVERS
KIN. A 298. BELL, MAIN 1654 M.



ARCHITECT
319-320-321-322
THE Wainwright Bldg.
High-grade Domestic,
Ecclesiastical,
Monumental and
Municipal Architecture.
Sketches submitted
upon approval to
responsible parties, and satisfaction guaranteed.

CHRISTMAS TREES—HOLLY—MISTLETOE
(We pay the express.) Send two cents at once for Historical circulars and price list.
FOREST PRODUCTS CO., Dept. K.
Columbia, Tenn., or Lewisburg, Tenn.

OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.
A. J. CRAWFORD,
TENTH AND PINE STS., ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

"The Little White Bird," J. M. Barrie, \$1.20; "Cecilia," F. Marion Crawford, \$1.20; "The Four Feathers," A. E. W. Mason, \$1.20; "Janet Ward," Margaret E. Sangster, \$1.20; "The Blue Flower," Henry Van Dyke, \$1.20; "Roger Drake," Henry K. Webster, \$1.20; "The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton," Nathaniel Stephenson, \$1.20; "By Order of the Prophet," Alfred H. Henry, \$1.20. Also, a full line of standard and miscellaneous works at
JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive street.

Schoen's
Orchestra
Latest Popular Music.
ADDRESS
THE ODEON
OR
Balmer & Weber
Phone: Lindell 1220.

THEATRICALS

OLYMPIC.

"David Harum," a dramatization of Westcott's well-known story, is once more delighting Olympic theater-goers. It is a refreshingly clean, simply-sweet play. As a clever delineation of character and a successful portrayal of life in rural New England, it is well worth seeing. Wm. H. Crane, in the title-role, is inimitably amusing. He impersonates the wily, thrifty and yet generous horse-dealer and banker to perfection. The supporting company is decidedly good.

CENTURY.

"The Auctioneer" is this week's attraction at the Century. The play was seen here last season. It has a very attenuated and homely plot, yet it entertains. David Warfield manages to get all there is out of the play, and to invest the most trivial incidents with fanciful interest. His *Simon Levi* is distinctly original, and devoid of all those clap-trap devices which usually make such roles exasperatingly banal. Marie Bates, as *Mrs. Eagan*, and Marie Davis, as *Mrs. Levi*, deserve special mention for really effective impersonations. Costumes and scenic effects are surprisingly rich.

The Grand Opera House musical programme this week, as arranged by Mr. Guido Vogel, contains the duett "Sweet Harp of the Days That Are Gone," for trombone and cornet, which is most artistically rendered by Messrs. Wray and Ernest. The song was composed for the MIRROR by Victor Herbert.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

The coming week's attraction at the Century will be Bertha Galland, the gifted actress, in "Notre Dame," a dramatization of Victor Hugo's great romance. The play consists of five acts and seven tableaux. The dramatization is by Paul M. Potter, the well-known author of "Trilby," and other theatrical successes. This will be the first visit of Miss Galland to St. Louis in the role of a star. When last seen here, she was James K. Hackett's leading lady. Her delightful rendition of the Princess Otille in "The Pride of Jennico" won for her many admirers. She is of charming face and figure, and well qualified for the essaying of emotional roles, such as Esmeralda in "Notre Dame." Thirty-five actors are in the supporting company, with 100 supernumeraries. The incidental music is by Frank A. Howson. "Notre Dame" promises to be one of this season's successes at the Century.

Frank Daniels, the clever comedian, will be at the Olympic for the week commencing Sunday evening, and delight St. Louis theater-goers with a repetition of

...Fine...
Diamonds.
Pearls. Sapphires. Emeralds
...and...
Rubies.

Our holiday stock is nearing completion. All the latest designs in La Vallieres, Brooches, Rings, Locketts, etc. Also a grand selection of Solid Silverware, Cut Glass, Novelties, etc. Quality considered, prices the lowest.

Agents for the Celebrated Vacheron and Constantine Watches, and All Grades of American Movements, at

F. W. DROSTEN'S
SEVENTH AND PINE STREETS.

his great success of last season, "Miss Simplicity." It is said that many new and attractive features have been added to the play, and that it is more relishable than ever. There are three new songs and an absolutely new equipment of scenery and costumes. Everybody that has a keen sense for fun of the right sort, and can appreciate rollicking jokes and catchy airs should go to the Olympic the coming week, and remember that there is only one Frank Daniels.

"Die Goldgrube," the three-act comedy by Carl Lauf, was pleasingly presented by the Germania Stock Company, Sunday evening. The scenic effects were up to the Heinemann-Welb standard of excellence, and the costumes quite as pretty as were those of last week. "Johannfeuer," Wednesday evening's play, was well-staged and produced. Thursday, Thanksgiving day, at 2:30 p. m., "Drie Paar Schuhe" will be presented, when the prices will be twenty-five and fifty cents. Sun-

day, November 30th, the comedy with songs and dances, "Handwerk Hat Goldenen Boden," will be the attraction. "Der Schlafwagen Controlleur" is underlined for the following Wednesday evening.

Sam Devere and his company, at the Standard Theater, this week, are good. Mr. Devere's songs and jokes are new, the former catchy, the latter very laughable. Florence Hughes renders her Southern melodies quite pleasingly. The Faust comedy trio, in "The Haunted Mill," is enthusiastically received, as are also Armstrong, Baker and Armstrong and Gertrude Norton. "Open All Night," the burlesque, concludes this exceptionally entertaining bill. Next week "The Bowery Burlesquers" will be the attraction.

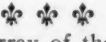
Wedding presents. Heller's, 4011 Olive street.

TO GET IN THE SMART SET

Make ten or twenty millions.
Marry anybody. There is no woman on earth who can't get in with from ten to twenty millions back of her.
Buy a house on Fifth avenue; also one at Newport, Mount Desert, Florida, North Carolina, and any other place.
Buy a steam yacht. Have it made to order. Have it the biggest one yet.
Go to Europe and thresh around for a while. In a year or so you will get talked about.
Do big things. Quarrel with your wife occasionally at space rates.
Be snubbed as much as possible at first. It pays in the long run.
Get an automobile and run over someone. It's fashionable.
Buy a hotel and name it after yourself. Charge ten times what any one else has ever dreamed of.
Marry off your daughters, if possible, to foreigners, no matter how decrepit, immoral, or despicable they are, if they have titles. It pays.
Never let a scandal occur in your own family while there is a scandal anywhere else. Wait for a dull period and then spring it on the public.
Be a friend to every newspaper man, big, little, rich, poor, good, bad and indifferent. It pays.
Buy diamonds and pearls by the peck; your wife will do the rest.
Never live with your family long enough in one place to contract a home atmosphere. Home is death to society.
Be dull at dinners; they all do it.
Begin and snub those beneath you as early in the game as possible; your progress upward will be indicated by the number you can snub.
Rally around the divorce court.
Cultivate your enemies; they will help you along.
Don't be afraid of being too vulgar; it's a good "ad."
Don't stint your women; they need the money.
Feed everybody. To do this, collect cooks. A good cook is the corner-stone of social success.
Buy up a church or so; it's a good medium. Many a woman has entered the kingdom of society through a pew.—
New York Herald.



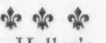
The Franklin Hotel, 4101 Westminster, changed hands November 10th, Mrs. Elizabeth DeLano becoming proprietress. Mrs. DeLano conducted two hotels in Detroit, for a number of years, which were very successful. Her next venture was in Chicago, where she opened The DeLano Hotel, Thirtieth and Michigan avenue, which proved to be a grand success. We predict nothing but success in the future for the Franklin Hotel, under Mrs. DeLano's supervision.



A startling array of the popular Kaiser Zinn suitable for wedding gifts at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.



Choice selections of fine cut glass at F. W. Drosten's, 7th and Pine streets.



Holiday gifts. Heller's, 4011 Olive st.

FOR SALE AT PAR

\$200,000.00

Seven Per Cent Cumulative Preferred Stock

OF THE

C. F. BLANKE TEA & COFFEE CO.,

ST. LOUIS

The capital stock of this Company has recently been increased from \$300,000.00, as follows:

Preferred Stock	- - -	\$300,000.00
Common Stock	- - -	450,000.00
		\$750,000.00

The average net earnings of this Company for four years ending November 1, 1902, as certified to by W. K. Spinney, expert accountant, were \$55,479.00 per year, or more than twice the amount necessary to pay the dividends on the preferred stock. By the extension of the Company's business, due to the increase of capital, these earnings will be largely increased. Subscriptions are payable as follows: 15 per cent cash with subscription, 25 per cent on demand, 30 per cent in 30 days after demand payment, 30 per cent in 60 days after demand payment. For subscription blanks and further information, if desired, address

ALEX. KONTA, Banker and Broker,
EUGENE KARST, Cashier,
Stock Exchange Building, St. Louis,

Or GERMANIA TRUST CO.,
Fiscal Agents and Registrars,
St. Louis.



FOREST KING

SLOW LAUNDRY.

Good Laundry work can only be done by slow process. All fast work damages the Clothing. We do the best work done in this city, and the slowest, we prefer to do no fast work at all.

3,069 Customers Last Month.

Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry,
(Not incorporated)
3126 and 3128 Olive Street.

"Lest we forget," we use CAMP JACKSON SPRING WATER.

In an indignant editorial, the Des Moines Register and Leader recently remarked: "The lady (?) who yesterday called the attention of another to our patched breeches, whereat both laughed so heartily, is informed that a new pair will be purchased when her husband's bill is settled. It has been due nearly a year. Don't criticise a printer's dress too closely while you are wearing silk with money due us. Tell your husband to send us \$40.78 and save the cost of a lawsuit. We need another pair of pants."

Whist prizes. Heller's, 4011 Olive st.

THE NEW EQUIPMENT OF THE

DAYLIGHT SPECIAL

Was Specially Built for Service
FROM ST. LOUIS TO

Chicago

BY THE

Illinois Central.

C. Dorflinger & Sons

ARTISTIC PIECES AND
ENCASED SETS OF HOLIDAY

GLASSWARE

3 and 5 WEST NINETEENTH STREET,
CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



Photographs from Nature

A set of four Special Platinum Prints from original negatives taken at the height of the resort season and picturing the delights of a vacation at a \$3.50

MICHIGAN Summer Resort

will be mailed to any address on application to H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A., Pere Marquette Railroad, Detroit, Mich., when request is accompanied by 25c. in coin or stamps to prepay postage and packing. 3c 3c 3c 3c

"A gem of the Pacific Coast."

SANTA CRUZ AND HER BIG TREES.

Santa Cruz is one of the most charming of the seashore resorts of California, and is only eighty miles from San Francisco. A grove of big trees is near Santa Cruz, and the narrow gauge road from San Francisco passes through this grove. From the East this delightful region is reached by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

and their connections. It is well worth a trip just to see the big trees, but a week or a month at Santa Cruz is a pleasure which every tourist is anxious to repeat.

For a copy of No. 5 of the "Four-Track Series," "America's Winter Resorts," send a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK, Charles Frohman presents WM. H. CRANE, IN David Harum Mats. Thurs. and Sat.	NEXT SUNDAY, FRANK DANIELS, IN Miss Simplicity Saturday, only Matinee. Reserved Seats Thurs.
---	--

CENTURY

THIS WEEK, DAVID WARFIELD IN The Auctioneer Mats. Thurs. and Sat.	NEXT SUNDAY, BERTHA GALLAND IN Notre Dame Reserved Seats Thurs.
--	--

An Insurance Against Dissatisfaction.

ENGAGE

BROMLEY'S ORCHESTRA

Office: 1729 Olive St.

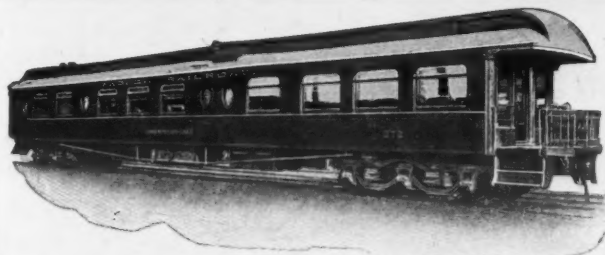
Phones: A212, D1653, Tyler 322.

CARMODY'S,

213 N. Eighth St.

FINEST LIQUORS.

THAT'S ALL.



WABASH

LINE

THE Banner Route TO ALL IMPORTANT CITIES.

It has its own rails between ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY, OMAHA, DES MOINES, TOLEDO, DETROIT, NIAGARA FALLS and BUFFALO,

All through car lines to DENVER, NEW YORK and BOSTON.

LUXURIOUS PARLOR, SLEEPING, DINING, OBSERVATION-CAFE AND CHAIR CARS COMPOSE ITS TRAINS.



DINING CAR SERVICE ON IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

MEALS SERVED A LA CARTE ON THROUGH TRAINS BETWEEN ST. LOUIS, MEMPHIS AND TEXAS. ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND FANS ON DINING CARS AND PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS. RECLINING CHAIR CARS SEATS FREE.

The Only Line to Texas operating dining cars



CITY TICKET OFFICE, S. E. COR. SIXTH AND OLIVE.

THE STANDARD

THIS WEEK,

Sam Devere's Own Company

NEXT WEEK,

Bowery Burlesquers.

GERMANIA THEATER, FOURTEENTH AND LOCUST. Heinemann and Welb Managers

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, 1902.

Thanksgiving Matinee 2:30. By request,

DREI PAAR SOHNE.

Prices 50 and 25 cents.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1902,

HANDWERK HAT GOLDENEN BODEN.

Comedy with Songs and Dances.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3rd, 1902,

DER SCHLAFWAGEN CONTROLLEUR.

THE STOCK MARKET

There is, on the surface at least, a slightly better feeling in Wall street. Prices of some leading stocks have rallied sharply, and bears have received a warning lesson that they will undoubtedly take to heart. As intimated in these columns, last week, the knocking business had been overdone. Bears had become superlatively enthusiastic in their operations. Deceived by the ease with which prices succumbed, they had become possessed of the idea that all one had to do to lop off quarters and halves was to sell *ad lib*. It was, therefore, not at all surprising and strictly in consonance with well-established precedents, that prices rallied when least expected, and in a manner that wrought desolation in many bruins' hearts. Judging by the course of prices and current stories, it cannot be doubted but that many "lambs" had been "caught red-handed" in the very act of selling stocks they did not own, and made to give up the remaining portion of their once so magnificently-looking fleece.

There is a time to buy and a time to sell. As we all know now, last week was the time to buy for a turn of several points. A multiplication of short contracts made it easy for manipulating bulls to scare bears with various misleading stories of "melon-cutting" in the shape of new rights to shareholders, a great traction consolidation in New York, and a renewal of consolidation negotiations in the railroad world. Will the advance hold? Or will it go much further? These are the questions which speculators now ask themselves, and which they find it exceedingly puzzling to answer. Many of the best observers in Wall street are at sea regarding prevailing conditions. It seems, in fact, that at no time, in the past two years, have they been in a more perplexed state of mind than they are at this juncture. They are mystified by the currency movement to the interior; by the strength of sterling exchange; rumors of Standard Oil opposition to a renewed bull movement; advances in wages and in freight-rates; small exports of the country's staple products and simultaneous prosperity in the interior; a weakening of tube and steel prices, and a tottering speculative structure abroad.

Considering the situation broadly, it cannot be said that there is special reason why anybody should be anxious to buy for a "long pull" at present prices, or to add to present holdings. The syndicates have succeeded in distributing vast amounts of inflated stuff among the public, and are trying to get rid of the balance as unostentatiously and as profitably as possible. They have made their calculations; they have felt the pulse of business; they know that the top-wave of prosperity is slowly receding, and have laid their plans accordingly. They will encourage selling and encourage buying, just as protection of their interests may dictate. They will propagate bearish principles and encourage "tenderfeet" to sell for short account, so as to be able to engineer a sharp squeeze and to dispose of stock at their own prices.

The big advance in Manhattan may have a legitimate basis, but, to a man up

a tree, it looks very much as if the bears had been the most active and the most energetic in bringing about the upward movement. For several months past it had been known that some fellows with more "nerve" than sense had been taking undue liberties with Manhattan on the short side. They had hit upon a clever idea. According to their reasoning, Manhattan was too high and Metropolitan too low. So they began to sell the former and to buy the latter. They soon found out, however, that they had, as usual, been doing the wrong thing. They failed to get ahead on either their purchases or their sales. True, Manhattan steadily receded, but so did Metropolitan. The latter, in fact, displayed considerably more weakness than the former. When the whole list began to totter and to tumble, the ingenious plotters increased their short contracts. It looked like a "lead-pipe cinch," they thought. Alas, however, the scheme did not work well. It transformed itself into a trap, which was neatly sprung on them, and just at the time when big profits were closely at hand. The great bear *coup* ended in a big bull *coup*. The Gould-Sage combination came once more out on top. Manhattan crossed 150, and its advance gave sympathetic strength to Metropolitan and Brooklyn Rapid Transit, the last-named being especially quick to respond to bullish manipulation. So far as the stories of a traction consolidation are concerned, there is no reason why we should allow them to carry us off our feet. They constitute a twice-told tale. They have been dinned into our ears so often that we are growing a-weary of them. Even if plans looking towards a complete unification of traction systems are now being perfected, we fail to see why Manhattan, Metropolitan or Brooklyn Rapid Transit should be worth more than prevailing quotations. None of these stocks is an attractive purchase. Manhattan, it is true, has great intrinsic merits, and will, ultimately, sell at 200 or thereabouts. For the present, however, it is selling for all it is worth. Not even an increase in the dividend, which, judging by current earnings, cannot be far off, would make the stock appear cheap at 150. The traction issues have always been the foot-ball of gamblers and manipulators. The outside speculator has no business fooling with them.

The rise in St. Paul has revived rumors of an issue of new stock. It is likely, however, that it was based upon extensive short contracts only, and that the rumors must be regarded as effect rather than cause. The advances in the rest of the list were devoid of special significance. They all seemed to originate in technical, temporary conditions of the market.

The monetary condition is still far from reassuring. Prospects favor a comparatively stiff money-rate well into the new year. Time-money remains at 6 per cent, and is not very easy to obtain even at that rate. Sterling exchange still hugs the gold-exporting point, in spite of the efforts of Wall street magnates to increase the supply of commercial bills in an artificial manner. Foreign speculative markets are weak and wabbling. French rentes, Spanish 45

THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

CAPITAL, - - - \$1,000,000.00

SURPLUS, - - - \$1,000,000.00

H. A. FORMAN, President, EDWARD A. FAUST, Vice Pres. DAVID SOMMERS, 2d Vice Pres.
G. A. W. AUGST, Cashier, VAN L. RUNYAN, Asst Cashier

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

Letters of Credit Available in All Parts of the World.

Prompt Attention and Courtesy Assured.

S.E. COR. FOURTH & OLIVE ST.

Sole Agents North German-Lloyd S. S. Line.

LINCOLN TRUST CO.

SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

PAYS 2% INTEREST

ON REGULAR CHECK ACCOUNTS.

(Credited Monthly.)

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$3,500,000

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST., ST. LOUIS.

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D. B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES, - - ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

and consols are all receding. French rentes are particularly and most significantly weak. They are now below 99, the lowest level touched for a long time. The break in Kaffirs is also a discouraging feature, because it has hurt many prominent speculators, and will thus lead to a curtailment of demand and liquidation in other quarters of the market.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Speculative conditions* in the local market are not much in favor of bulls.

There is no "snap" to buying. Transactions are small and devoid of interest. Scattered liquidation is constantly in evidence. Enthusiasm is absent, and pools refuse to resume activity on a large scale. The past week has witnessed a slow crumbling away of prices. Nearly every active stock on the list has suffered from selling pressure, although declines were at no time startling or abrupt in coming. Strong holders appear to look with perfect equanimity upon the trend of things. They say a weeding out of small fellows will help to strengthen foundations and, after a while, attract

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,

\$9,000,000.00.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

Official statement of the financial condition of the
GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY,
at St. Louis, State of Missouri, at the close of business on the 31st day
of October, 1902.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans undoubtedly good on collateral security.....	\$2,325,421 27	Capital stock paid in.....	\$1,000,000 00
Loans undoubtedly good on real estate security.....	113,500 80	Surplus.....	1,000,000 00
Other negotiable and non-negotiable paper and investment securities at present cash market value.....	1 00	Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid.....	76,859 06
Overdrafts by solvent customers.....	1,466 86	Deposits subject to draft at sight by trust companies, banks and bankers.....	63,634 03
Bonds at present cash market value.....	358,236 72	Deposits subject to draft at sight by individuals and others, including demand certificates of deposit.....	1,035,507 51
Real estate (company's office building) at present cash market value.....	200,000 00	Time certificate of deposit.....	127,384 97
Other real estate at its present cash market value (Carleton building).....	17,500 00	Savings deposits.....	88,395 72
Furniture and fixtures.....	000,000 00	Debentures and real estate mortgage bonds.....	000,000 00
Safety deposit vaults.....	000,000 00	Bills payable.....	000,000 00
Due from other trust companies and banks, good on sight draft.....	318,875 65	All other liabilities.....	000,000 00
Checks and other cash items.....	6,704 87	Total.....	\$3,391,781 29
Cash on hand (currency, gold, silver and other coin).....	41,728 23	Total liability on surety bonds..	73,450 00
All other resources.....	8,346 69		
Total.....	\$3,391,781 29		

STATE OF MISSOURI, City of St. Louis, ss.:
We, W. H. Dittmann, vice president, and Thos. H. Wagner, secretary, of the Germania Trust Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.
W. H. DITTMANN, Vice President.
THOS. H. WAGNER, Secretary.

We, E. E. Magill, S. G. Wilson and P. G. Doerr, directors (stockholders) of the Germania Trust Company, do solemnly swear that we have made thorough personal examination of the books, papers, property and affairs of said corporation, and that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.
E. E. MAGILL, S. G. WILSON, P. J. DOERR, Directors (Stockholders).

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of November, A. D. nineteen hundred and two. Witness my hand and notarial seal the date last aforesaid. (Commissioned and qualified for a term expiring November 7th, 1906.)
MARY E. ALEXANDER, Notary Public.

new and better buyers. This may be, but there is reason to suspect that the better class of investors or speculators is already saddled with all it cares to bear and not very anxious to increase commitments. There's no use mincing words in talking about market conditions. Every sensible person can see that buyers have taken to the woods and that confidence is not as strong as it used to be.

The selection of Mr. L. C. Burns for the position of president of the Commonwealth Trust Company is considered a good one. Mr. Burns is a well-known, able and experienced financier. He is a good financial acquisition to St. Louis.

Money remains stiff at 6 per cent. Sterling exchange is firm at 4.87%. Clearances continue large.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"Kicker," Joplin, Mo.—The New York concern you refer to is not a strong one. It has "get-rich-quick" affiliations. Would advise you to patronize some good house in St. Louis. Cannot recommend purchases of Colorado F. & Iron, nor of any other stock of this kind.

J. G. J.—Do not consider Missouri Trust stock high at current prices. The fact that it does not advance is not, per se, a water-holding reason why it should go lower. The company has a most promising future and is well-managed.

"Jimmy"—Why do you buy such rotten

stuff? Brunswick used to be Carley's favorite. Since his ignominious retreat from the speculative stage, the stock has crawled around its present level. Don't think it is worth half what it is selling for.

F. R. R., Salina, Kas.—Frisco 2nd is a good 4 per cent stock, but no speculative favorite. Erie 2nd preferred cannot be considered cheap at present quotations. Big Four common is closely held and not an attractive short sale. Would sell none of the Vanderbilt issues.

"Cactus"—Would advise you to sell both Mexican Central and Erie as soon as you have a little profit in sight. Conditions are not what they should be. Even if both should go beyond your selling limit, you will, no doubt, have a chance to rebuy at a lower level.

"Sticker"—Your confidence in U. S. Steel is certainly remarkable. Hope you will be rewarded for it. The stock is a 4 per cent dividend-payer, as you say, and there is a good surplus behind it, but have you any assurance from insiders that the current rate of earnings can be permanently maintained? A moderate cut in steel market prices would soon do away with dividends on the common.

Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

Winter tourist rates via Iron Mountain route, on sale October 15th to April 30th, 1903.

Anniversary gifts. Heller's, 4011 Olive.

Preparations are now being made for the annual bazaar held at St. Anne's Asylum, 1236 North Tenth street, which will open December 9th and continue until the 16th. The bazaars of past years, given under the auspices of the sisters of this institution, have always been for a worthy cause and well worth patronizing. This year's bazaar will, doubtless, merit equal success. Those who make contributions to, or patronize, the bazaar may feel that they are encouraging and furthering good and noble work.

A neat monogram on your stationery gives individuality to correspondence. No charge for one or two-letter monogram, except for stamping, which ranges in price from 10 cents per quire upwards. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

First Goat: "I have a most fearful attack of acute indigestion."

Second Goat: "How did you get it?"

First Goat: "I just devoured one of those infernal health food posters."—*New York Times.*

C. L. Bates, who, for many years was with Mermod-Jaccard & Co., now has charge of the Diamond Department of F. W. Drosten, 7th and Pine, where he would be pleased to meet and serve his many friends and patrons.

Not long ago, Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, was summoned to prepare a will for a man who was very ill. It was necessary, of course, to secure two witnesses, and they had to be sent for. While awaiting their arrival, the invalid seemed to get worse, and Senator Frye thought it his duty, no minister being present, to talk seriously to him. He told him that he was very ill, and that it was likely he would soon depart this life. "And are you ready to meet this great change?" Frye asked of him. "I will be," was the reply, "as soon as those d—n witnesses get here."

We pride ourselves upon the originality of our Sterling Silverware designs and invite inspection and comparison. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

Best Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

BEAVER LINE

ROYAL MAIL PASSENGER STEAMERS

Between Montreal and Liverpool and All European Ports.

Lowest Rates and Best Service on all classes.

Regular Weekly Sailings.

MAX SCHUBACH,

General Southwestern Agent, 110 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Condensed Official Statement of the Financial Condition of the

Mississippi Valley Trust Co., St. Louis,

Under call of Secretary of State, at the close of business October 31, 1902.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans.....	\$14,121,423.15	Capital.....	\$3,000,000.00
Bonds and Stocks.....	8,734,904.36	Surplus.....	3,500,000.00
Real Estate.....	273,288.29	Undivided Profits.....	1,143,941.47
Overdrafts.....	2,076.18	Deposits.....	18,173,291.58
Safety Deposit Vaults.....	72,000.00	All other Liabilities.....	823,021.63
Cash and Exchange.....	3,391,535.42		
All other Resources.....	45,027.28		
	\$26,640,254.68		\$26,640,254.68

JULIUS S. WALSH, President.

JAMES E. BROCK, Secretary.

Lungstras

DYEING & CLEANING CO.
HAVE THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT OF ITS KIND IN THE COUNTRY.



ALL BUILDINGS FIRE PROOF.

We would call special attention at present to our facilities in cleaning elaborately made up Ball Costumes, Opera Wraps, etc. The work can be returned on short notice.

STORES.
717 LOCUST ST.
1044 N. VANDEVENTER AVE.
726 N. TAYLOR AVE.

MAIN OFFICE.
PARK AVENUE, 13TH TO 14TH ST.
PHONES: MAIN 66.
KINLOCH B. 761.

CRAWFORD'S!

The Rush of the Holiday Trade will soon begin; prudent people will buy before the rush and save themselves much trouble and vexation. Our Holiday Stock is now most complete.

Linens.

The past week has been a record-breaker at our Linen Counters, and to show our appreciation of same and for the benefit of late Thanksgiving shoppers, we will continue our cut prices throughout the department, naming only a few below.



Full-bleached all-linen satin Damask, 72 inches wide, in the most "up-to-date" patterns. They are worth \$1.25, but are offered as a Thanksgiving Special at, per yard.....\$1.00

Full-bleached all-linen satin Damask that you will readily recognize as a dollar quality, a Thanksgiving special at, yard.....75c

10 pieces 70-in. full-bleached Table Damask, floral designs and worth 69c to 75c, a special for Thanksgiving week at, per yard.....50c

100 dozen 22-inch bleached Napkins, all linen, soft finish and are worth \$2.00 per dozen, Thanksgiving special at, per doz..\$1.50

75 doz. all linen, extra heavy Scotch Table Napkins, size 22x22, spot and floral patterns, worth \$2.50, for Thanksgiving week at, dozen.....\$2.00

Lace and . . . Neckwear Specials.

The Most Complete Lace Stock in This City.

POPULAR PRICES ALWAYS.

25 pieces Shirred and Accordion Pleated Chiffons and Liberty Silk, in pink, blue, yellow, red, etc.; regular value 50c a yard, choice at, yard.....10c

Fancy Allovers, all kinds, \$1.25 to \$3.00 goods for 48c a yard; \$3.50 to \$7.50 Allovers now, a yard.....98c

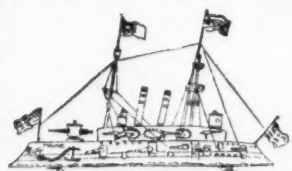
FANCY NECKWEAR.

Odds and ends in Ladies' Fancy Neckwear, 50c to \$1.00 goods; choice at, each.....10c

Must Have Room for Holiday Goods.

Another lot of high-grade Neckwear, odds and ends, piece or two of kind—must have the room—\$1.50 to \$2.00 goods for, each.....25c

Grand Opening of Our Toy and Doll Dep't--Note the Popular Prices made for Early Buyers



Full-Rigged Warships25c
Child's Telephone, with bell,25c



Skin Horse and Carts49c
Skin Horse and Milk Wagons, 4 cans98c



Boys' Tool Chest25c
Boys' Tool Chest49c
Others up to\$6.50
Map of World on Globe25c



Iron Stoves, with utensils25c



Boys' Printing Press49c
A large one for98c
Others up to.....\$6.50



Fancy Painted Shoe49c

Toy Black Boards19c



Toy Trunks, fancy colors, with lock and key—Special25c
Dolls' Telescopes25c
Toy Trunks up to\$6.50



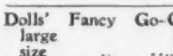
White and Gold Enameled Cradles—Opening Price19c

White Enameled Bed, with mattress and pillows25c

Pastry Sets 4 pieces.....5c



Magic Lanterns, with views.....49c



Dolls' Fancy Go-Carts, large size49c
Doll Go-Cart, steel wheels and handles, extremely new\$1.25



Fancy Colored Iron Trains, good value25c

Fancy Iron Hook and Ladders, 3 horses, big value50c

Tin Dishes15c

Tin Kitchens, large size25c

Toy Wood Wash Tubs10c

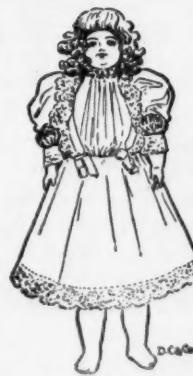
Children's Tea Sets—6 large cups and saucers, 6 plates, tea pot, sugar and cream, a large and useful set—Big Special\$1.19

Upright Pianos19c
Larger one.....\$49c
Piano Stool.....25c

Child's large size Rocker, leather seat, very fancy\$1.25

Table Tennis (Ping Pong), the popular game, the dollar size79c
Others up to\$5.50

Brass Canopy Beds, with trimmings,79c



Ask to see our special Doll, the "Beauty," with the parted wig, the one that all buy on sight—opening week98c

Kid Body Jointed Dolls, bisque heads, sewed, a durable doll; This Week.....98c

Doll Heads, large size, worth 75c—Special49c

50c Unbreakable Dolls35c

Fine Jointed Dolls, Handsome faces\$2.49

Fine Jointed Dolls, beautiful faces, equal to any \$5.00 doll\$3.75

Dress Dolls, large size.....25c

Beautiful ones at98c

Rag Dolls, big assortment25c

Kid Body Dolls, sewed wigs.....50c

Baby Dolls, with short hair.....50c

Dolls' Fancy Hats10c

Children's Washing Machines, entirely new50c

Mechanical Balking Donkey and Cart, the funny toy39c

D. CRAWFORD & CO., Washington Ave. and Sixth St.

The Mirror

TEXAS=BOUND

In the Fall and Winter months, as the tide of travel sets Southward, one naturally feels some interest in the selection of a quick and comfortable route. The



Operates Fast Limited Trains to the prominent business centers of Oklahoma and Texas. Trains lighted by Electricity and provided with Cafe Observation Cars, under the management of Fred Harvey.

THERE'S NO BETTER ROUTE

TICKET OFFICE,

Eighth and Olive Sts.



HOW TO GO TO MEXICO

In a Luxurious Pullman Sleeper, leaving St. Louis daily and Sundays, too, at 8:30 p. m. Ask for "To Old Mexico," a beautiful brochure descriptive of the trip.

JAMES BARKER,
Gen'l Pass. Agt., M. K. & T. Ry.

524 Wainwright Building,
ST. LOUIS.



MOBILE
AND
OHIO
R.R.

DINING CARS

Thanksgiving 1902



ALL TRAINS
ALL MEALS
LA CARTE
ALL THE WAY
ALL THE TIME